HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"HAILING THE FERRYMAN."—DRAWN BY MR. RIDGWAY KNIGHT FROM HIS PICTURE AT THE PARIS SALON.—[SEE PAGE 287.]

"Its weekly issue is one of the most delightful of guests of old and young."—*Christian Advocate, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for April 17th contains several contributions of importance, notable among which are MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK'S *article on "Birds of Past Ages," and "The Running High Jump," by* W. BYRD PAGE, *the amateur champion of the world in this branch of athletics.* MR. PAGE *not only can jump higher than any one else, but he writes about the sport in a manner that is interesting, and that cannot fail to be of practical value to any young readers who may be ambitious of rivalling his prowess.*

The principal illustration in this number is

IN DISGRACE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY C. BURTON BARBER.

Other illustrations are by T. DE THULSTRUP, JESSIE SHEPHERD, ALICE BARBER, *and* CULMER BARNES.

A special Supplement contains "Pin-Money Ways," by ANNIE L. JACK, *and "Keeping a Diary and Having an Allowance," by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1888.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

EXECUTIVE RESPONSIBILITY.

RECENT removals in the Customs service in New York have led the *Evening Post* to remark that the course of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MAYNARD, has tended to a violation of the President's pledges, a degradation of the public service, and a debauchery of the party in power. This statement is warmly branded by the Assistant Secretary as untrue, but it is consistent with reports which seem to be well founded, and the *Post* has invoked investigation by Senator HALE'S committee. The matter, however, goes beyond the Assistant Secretary. Our government is not one of ministers but of principals. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury is the subordinate of the Secretary, and he is appointed by the President. If the President's pledges are violated by any subordinate, the President is responsible, unless he be ignorant of the fact, and if he be long ignorant of facts which are notorious, there is a lamentable want of official vigilance. The President, indeed, cannot review every act of his subordinates. But he can discriminate. He can see when such action ought to be reviewed in order to avoid apparent injustice, especially when he knows that the views of the superior officer make injustice probable. In the same way the Secretary of the Treasury cannot be held innocent of the conduct of a subordinate which is especially brought to his attention; and where it involves consequences so grave as those alleged in this instance, it demands his active interference. The theory of wicked partners does not avail in gross abuses of the civil service. If the spirit and the letter of the President's declarations upon any great public policy are openly and flagrantly defied and disregarded by his subordinates, they are substantially disregarded by him. The plea of another responsibility is inadmissible, because Executive ignorance of the defiance cannot be assumed.

President CLEVELAND'S convictions upon the subject of reform are probably unchanged. He probably believes that the spoils system is a serious danger to our institutions. But he perceives that he is not sustained by his party in that view, and he sees plainly that practical adherence to it would probably divide his party so as to imperil its success in the election. In other words, he yields to the pressure of his party, as General GRANT yielded to Republican pressure. He submits to be discredited by the conduct of subordinates, which assumes that he does not mean what he says. Undoubtedly he never said that his administration would be conformed strictly to the well-known principles of reform. He was very careful to weigh his words, and he is not responsible for all the interpretation that was placed upon them, nor for the sanguine anticipations of many earnest reformers. There was, however, general belief in his interest in the subject, and general expectation that he would do much practically to advance reform. Disappointment with the result has been as general as the anticipation. Two things, indeed, he has done. He refused to make "a clean sweep" at the outset of his administration, and he has reappointed a few old incumbents upon the expiration of their terms. But the clean sweep, if not made at the beginning of the administration, will be practically completed at its end. Indeed, we cannot even admit that the reform law within its limits has been really enforced, because the only way in which the President can enforce that law is to appoint as heads of the various offices whose subordinates the law affects sincere friends of the law. In Indiana there is but one such office. To that office a head hostile to the law was appointed. In Philadelphia neither the Postmaster nor the Collector is a friend of the law, and the same thing is true elsewhere. The general result will be, therefore, that the Administration will have done practically nothing to restrain the hand of a spoils successor. This is the important fact which a journal honestly interested in this reform is bound to acknowledge.

The report of Senator HALE'S committee will undoubtedly present in detail the reasons for such a conclusion. The report will be made, of course, for a partisan purpose, but the facts will not be affected by the purpose. Neither will the failure of the Administration baffle the movement for reform. It has been declared to be dead and buried a score of times, but unquestionably it is a more vital issue, because far more generally understood now, than ever before. President GRANT'S frank and formal abandonment of it did not check in the least the growing public conviction of its necessity. Disappointment with practical results under President CLEVELAND will not stay the increasing demand. Senator HALE'S committee is in itself a signal illustration of the progress of the movement. The object of its investigation is to make the President's failure to do what a few years since a President would have been ridiculed for attempting to do one of the serious arguments against his reelection. Such a fact shows the consciousness of a wide-spread public interest, which will be an important force in the Presidential campaign. We are asked to remember the necessity of making allowances, of considering the pressure, of going slowly, of repressing extravagant expectations, and finally appears our old friend the remark that Rome was not built in a day. But is there any possible delay, miscarriage, or failure in which the same exhortation would not be pertinent? Is the fact that there are extravagant expectations of reform a reason for removing the most accomplished experts and upright men? Or must the statement of the unquestionable truth in regard to the building of Rome be accepted as an explanation of the failure to discipline a single office-holder who "hurls foul scorn" at the President's warning not to be perniciously active? The friends of reform have been neither impatient nor unreasonable. Neither have they been blind. Nor have they forgotten, nor will they forget, that their first duty is to a cause, not to a man, nor to a party, nor to an administration.

RHODE ISLAND.

THE late Republican election in Rhode Island is worthy of careful attention. The politics of the little State have been long notorious for venality, and the Republican machine was one of the most efficient in the country. For many years its chief director was the late Senator ANTHONY, a very sagacious and experienced politician. Its power was largely maintained by the Providence *Journal*, which was owned and edited by the Senator, and which was a paper of great influence. It was among the most representative Republican newspapers, and by far the most widely circulated of all the papers in the State. While Senator ANTHONY lived there was much dissatisfaction with the inexorable rule of the machine, but it was so carefully constructed and effective that the ability, the trouble, the time, and the expense of opposing it successfully could not be readily commanded and combined, and effectual reform seemed to be impracticable. But the death of Senator ANTHONY, and changes in the ownership and control of the *Journal*, opened a different prospect. This was coincident with the impulse of reform which was felt in the Republican party at large, and which in the direction of the civil service had been chiefly represented by a distinguished Rhode-Islander, THOMAS ALLEN JENCKES.

One of Senator ANTHONY'S adroit lieutenants was Mr. BRAYTON, who had served bravely in the war, and who proved to be an exceedingly useful political "boss." The Senator had secured for him the postmastership in Providence, where some irregularities in his accounts had been adjusted by Senatorial efforts before his removal. It was a grievous scandal, but Mr. BRAYTON was genial and popular, and upon the death of the Senator no politician was more skilful. When the prohibition amendment was adopted two years ago, Mr. BRAYTON was promoted by the Legislature to the chief position under the new law to enforce the amendment, and upon the renomination of the Governor and State officers by the machine, the *Journal*, which had vigorously protested as a Republican paper in the name of political honesty and decency, bolted, and, sustained in its protest by independent Republicans at the polls, overthrew the Republican machine and defeated its ticket. The bolt included some of the sincerest Republicans in the State, who aided in defeating the machine ticket as the only method of effectually changing the party course. Throughout the year the *Journal* has been an independent but Republican paper. It has frankly commended what seemed to it commendable in the course of the President, and with other Republican journals, especially at the West, it has spoken for the Republicans who hold that protection is an incident and a means, not an end. It has not made party a fetich, and while asserting its general sympathy with the Republican tendency, it has insisted upon manly courage and honorable independence.

This year, when the Republican State nominations were made, the *Journal* approved all but one. It scratched the Lieutenant-Governor, and warned the party managers that its candidates for the Legislature must be above reproach or suspicion. The warning was effective. Admirable nominations were made for the Legislature, and a general Republican victory followed, although by a much reduced majority from that of former years. The success included that of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the open corruption by which this result was reached has been shown in detail by the *Journal*, and it is a shameful story. The result, with this exception, is that the firm protest and attitude of the *Journal* have secured a clean ticket and an unusually good Legislature. It is a party triumph, but a triumph over the baser tendencies and more venal leadership of the party. The effort to misrepresent it as a rebuke to independent party counsel and action is useless. The course of events in Rhode Island for the last two years is a distinct and, as experience shows, an effectual warning to the party managers that they must consult the party intelligence and conscience if they desire success. They were taught in the only effective way, which is defeat. There is nothing more demoralizing than the doctrine that every member of a party must subordinate his own judgment and sense of decency and right to the will of mercenary and unprincipled leaders, who by controlling conventions give to their schemes the stamp of "regularity." The allegation that a man is a Pharisee and a prig if he does not yield his view of right and duty to the voice of the majority is the assertion that the patriots of the Revolution and the fathers of the Republican party were self-conceited fools. The pending national election, like that which has just taken place in Rhode Island, will show whether the Republican party has learned wisdom by defeat.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE political situation in Europe is doubtful or menacing, and there are very sagacious observers who forecast war. Russia is the main source of alarm, and Bulgaria would probably be the excuse for trouble. BISMARCK and the Empress of Germany are unfriendly. The Emperor is apparently doomed, and his son would probably sympathize with BISMARCK rather than with his mother. BISMARCK is seventy-two, and MOLTKE much older, and the Crown-Prince is mainly known as an ambitious soldier. France is in a serious condition, with a President who is in no sense a leader, and who does not command national confidence or enthusiasm, while BOULANGER, the popular hero of the hour, is a soldier at odds with the government, whose addresses are full of the French rodomontade which may mean anything. The French hostility to Germany and the resolution to recover the lost provinces are unrelaxed; while Germany, with an army numerous beyond precedent, stands organized and alert upon every frontier, ready for instant action. England evidently strongly sustains the present Government in its Irish policy, and Mr. BALFOUR plainly represents the dominant sentiment of the country. There seems less reason than a year ago to suppose that Parliament will be dissolved, although there is always the chance of a sudden crisis and change. Austria watches Russia with doubt; and Italy, heavily taxed, could not escape the tempest should it break.

In this glimpse the country which shows most political disintegration is France, the only republic. Normal politics seem to be still impossible there, and the question is of the permanence of the government itself. The opposition of parties is not in our sense constitutional, but revolutionary. The election of General BOULANGER as Deputy in more than one district is a disquieting demonstration. He is understood to represent national revenge for the result of the German war, and his election is an emphatic protest against the Ministry which has just retired him from service. Yet amid all the apprehension of war there is nowhere visible any legitimate reason. BISMARCK is said to have objected to the marriage of the German Emperor's daughter to Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria because the Prince is personally displeasing to the Russian Czar, and the late Emperor WILLIAM left the policy of peace with Russia as his last political bequest. But the Prince is personally pleasing to the German Empress and to the English royal house, and the Empress is understood to have been long opposed to the ascendency of BISMARCK. But she is a foreigner, and the policy of BISMARCK has satisfied the pride of Germany, so that in a serious difference the national feeling would sustain him. Yet while there is no legitimate specific reason for war, Russia is always a reason.

In our peaceful and remote position we count the cost of the enormous armament of Germany as an exhaustive drain upon the country, and a constant

threat. But except for a highly organized, ample, and efficient military barrier in central Europe, what would stay the advance of Russia? It was a just instinct that drew England and France together in the Crimean war, for the purpose of Russia was most effectively to extend her line against Europe. Is it for the interest of civilization and liberty that Russia should occupy Constantinople? Mr. SCHURZ said truly, in his address upon the late German Emperor, that the German army was the nation armed, and that the German armament had been the most powerful peace-maker in Europe. The proof is that the immense army and the seven years' law for its maintenance do not alarm Europe. The German army does not threaten conquest. Armed Germany is not the enemy of liberty, like Russia, and it holds Russia at bay. Serious political dissension in Germany, therefore, would be a general misfortune, and a general European war, which must necessarily shake the continent, could be regarded only with great apprehension. If the result should be advantageous to Russia, it would be a grave calamity.

HIGH LICENSE.

THE high license bill passed the New York Assembly by a very close vote, so close, indeed, that it is felt that if it should be amended in the Senate and returned to the Assembly, it might be defeated. The Senate majority could not unite to make it a party measure. Besides, it is always open to a member to hold that a legislative caucus cannot determine the party policy. The Legislature itself is elected upon a policy declared by the party in its Convention, and a caucus cannot assume the function of the party. The legislators may say what they think to be expedient for the party. But if any member differs he may justly refuse to be bound as a party man until he has consulted the party or his constituency. The last New York Republican Convention, however, heartily approved the bills that limit or restrict the liquor traffic, and that must be interpreted as a general mandate to support any such bill which receives the general approval of Republican members of the Legislature. But much latitude of interpretation must be allowed to every member, and as the local interest upon the subject is very strong, gentlemen who sit for districts in which the German vote is very large and lager-beer flows freely will be strongly inclined to favor a low minimum license fee. This is the situation in the Senate.

No question in State politics is now more important than this of liquor restriction. "High license has cut down the number of saloons in Pittsburgh about five-sixths," is one of a thousand statements of the same kind. All the facts show that the first practicable effective step in dealing with the enormous and acknowledged evil of the saloons is high license. Local option, and adjustment of the number of saloons to population, are succeeding steps. High license is the beginning of reform; local option is the discretion of prohibition. Under local option a town or a village may enjoy prohibition, as in many towns of Massachusetts, where the sentiment of the whole State would not approve it. In New York the subject will not disappear from legislation even under a high license law. On the contrary, such a law will strengthen the demand for more stringent legislation. But it is especially a subject which should be left as far as possible to each community and to constantly recurring legislation, and should not be imbedded in the fundamental law. There is no other question treated in the Legislature which touches more closely the interest of the citizen in every aspect than this of liquor restriction. It involves public morality and order, social and family welfare, and taxation. The party which is right upon the question will have a very strong hold upon the conscience and intelligence of the community, and the party which is wrong will find itself terribly weighted.

The *Tribune* is probably not now receiving telegrams from Albany announcing that justice has been done to Republican saloons, but says, and truly, that "the Republican party has always had the most votes when it planted itself upon the highest moral ground and let the consequences take care of themselves." This is simple mugwump doctrine, to which the Republican party in its strongest appeal is always compelled to resort. Republican sneers at the demand of honesty in politics merely show Republican decadence and Republican consciousness of it. The Republican position in New York will be seriously affected by the action of the Legislature upon the question of high license. The reduction of the minimum beer license will practically annul the benefit of the bill, and lead earnest temperance men to doubt whether the beer vote will not be always more precious to the party managers than the temperance vote. The extreme difficulty in passing the bill, and the apprehension that if returned by the Senate to the Assembly it would disappear, show the enormous power of the saloon in politics, and consequently indicate the great importance of the question. The Democratic party seems to have taken definitely the wrong side. It would seem to be good policy for the Republican to take with equal decision the right side.

THE DEAD-LOCK IN THE HOUSE.

THE mischiefs of a great surplus have been just now illustrated by the dead-lock in the House of Representatives over the bill for the repayment to the States of direct war taxes levied in 1861. The loyal States paid them, and the seceding States did not pay them, and the bill proposed that as all taxes must be equally levied, and as there is no reason in the wants of the Treasury to collect that part which has not been paid, the money should be returned to the States which have paid. The amount would be about $17,000,000, and the proposition therefore was that that sum should be paid out of the surplus to the loyal States.

The passage of the bill was resisted by filibustering, a practice which stops necessary business, and exasperates both Congress and the country. It is a device always questionable, and permissible only in very unusual and extreme cases, which this certainly was not. Filibustering against a bill is the confession that the majority desires its passage, and the principle of legislation is that the majority shall prevail. It is an effort to baffle the majority, and is essentially revolutionary. The rules of procedure undoubtedly permit it, but the spirit of fair play and of the representative system does not, and as it can seldom be successful unless pushed to a point at which public opinion would indignantly interfere, it is tolerable only when human rights or some safeguard of liberty and justice can in no other way be defended.

The diminution of the surplus in such a way is undoubtedly highly inexpedient. It is one of the blunders of Republican legislation. There is practically no knowledge of any wrong nor any demand for relief. The whole project looks like a mere job, and it is made more suspicious by the probability that a large, if not the larger, part of the money paid will go to claim agents, and not to the relief of taxpayers. The filibustering, however, succeeded in causing the postponement of the bill until the next session. But the excuses for filibustering which were given by Mr. OATES were no excuses at all, unless every opposing minority upon every bill may proceed in the same way.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

THE treasurer and secretary of the Niagara Reservation Commission, Mr. HENRY E. GREGORY, writes as follows:

"Any one who has visited Niagara since the opening of the reservation will readily admit the advantages that have followed the appropriation of the one hundred and six acres that now comprise the reservation. The number of visitors has largely increased. They tarry longer and derive greater satisfaction from the visit than was formerly the case. Unnecessary expenses and vexatious exactions have been abolished. The presence of unsightly objects no longer excites aversion. An enumeration of further improvements is not needed. All lovers of the sublime and beautiful in nature, at any rate, should be thankful that Niagara is safe from profanation."

Mr. GREGORY says truly that all this is matter of congratulation. But he adds that the work is as yet incomplete, and that it should be finished harmoniously. To do this the Commission must have money.

The Commissioners are men well known to the State as of the highest character and public spirit, and their reputation has protected the enterprise from the least suspicion of jobbery. They propose no extravagant outlay, but in the beginning of such a work there are always expenses which save subsequent expense, and which are prompted by a reasonable economy. Substantial bridges and roads, for instance, are indispensable in such a park as the Niagara Reservation, and the general purpose contemplated in the purchase by the State could not be carried out were such improvements neglected. It is the duty of the Commissioners to put the reservation into a becoming condition, with due regard to economy and proper taste, and this must be assumed to be the desire of the people of the State.

They have asked for this purpose of the Legislature the sum of $50,000, and there should be no hesitation in making the grant. The only objection that could be offered would rest upon the probability or possibility of misuse. But this objection disappears when the work thus far accomplished is considered and the character of the Commission. There will be no misuse of the money, but, on the contrary, it will be expended in the best and most effective way for the purposes of the reservation. Neither politics nor jobbery have yet forced an entrance into the Commission, and the State is exceedingly fortunate that it has such men to do such work.

LEA'S "HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION."

THE publication by the HARPERS of Mr. HENRY C. LEA'S *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages* is one of the most important of recent literary events in America. The work is a monument of remarkable scholarship, which confers honor upon American literature, and gives Mr. LEA an honorable name among American authors. It is, by its nature, a book for consultation, and not for general popular reading, although it cannot be opened at any page without retaining the reader's interest and rewarding his attention.

It deals with one of the darkest stories in human annals, but, as the author truly says, recurrence to great movements in the past is essential to a just apprehension of the course and conditions of human development. He takes no pessimistic view, and it is cheering to know that a historian who surveys so wide a field, and so closely and carefully, feels that, however imperfect human institutions may be to-day, the gain achieved during the last two centuries may be called marvellous. This is a judgment based upon unusual knowledge, and it enables the reader to part with his learned guide stimulated and encouraged.

Mr. LEA'S verdict upon the institution whose annals he records is that it was "the monstrous offspring of mistaken zeal, utilized by selfish greed and lust of power to smother the higher aspirations of humanity, and stimulate its baser appetites." It infected the criminal law of all countries which were subject to its influence, and transformed the administration of penal justice into a cruel mockery. The Church of Rome may well seem largely to have countervailed its service in the world by this vast and appalling and enduring wrong to man and to God. Mr. LEA'S narrative of the fate of JOAN OF ARC must inspire undying hatred of the devilish spirit which assumed to be the spirit of divine love and mercy, and his noble work will quicken generous scorn of superstitious assumption and tyranny of every kind and degree.

PERSONAL.

AMONG notable New-Yorkers lately sailing for Europe is Mr. HANS SOMMERHOFF, one of Wall Street's best liked figures. Popular and prosperous and princely, a great affliction fell upon him a little while ago in the sudden decease of a lovely wife; and Wall Street, with all its crowding excitements, has been unable to turn him from his grief. Under orders from his physicians, he goes with his children for a long foreign trip. Mr. SOMMERHOFF is the senior surviving partner in the Stock Exchange house that the famous C. F. WOERISHOFFER founded, a firm with important foreign connections.

—It is intimated that France's ex-Empress EUGÉNIE is likely soon to visit America, and there are additional hints that she may make this land her home.

—The Papal Jubilee wasn't all a one-sided affair, so far as expenses went. It is announced that the festivity cost the Vatican $1,000,000.

—There is one American whose life is a standing proof that employer and employé have no need for misunderstandings, that man being GEORGE W. CHILDS, whose birthday has become a day for celebration among the printers of Philadelphia.

—Ex-President HUGH J. JEWETT, of the Erie Railroad, gives up his New York residence for a home in Maryland. He has bought a large tract of land there. Maryland cooking, he says, has always been one of his especial weaknesses.

—If JAY GOULD sticks to his present plans he will do no yachting this season. He has ordered the magnificent *Atalanta* dismantled. It is estimated by Mr. GOULD'S friends that it costs $10,000 a month to keep the *Atalanta* in commission.

—P. T. BARNUM, who is now nearly seventy-eight years old, says, in the course of an article in *The Epoch* on "Long Life and Happiness": "I believe that a rich man is only a steward of the gifts of the Almighty. These gifts must be used for the good of mankind, and if a man will not use his wealth for the good of others, he has no business to have it. I take great pleasure in acquiring money, but quite as much in disposing of it."

—A justly appreciative article on recent Southern literature in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* contains this pregnant sentence, "The writers native to a land are usually its best interpreters." The article instances such works as Miss RIVES'S *A Brother to Dragons*, Colonel JOHNSTON'S Georgia sketches, Craddock's stories of the Tennessee mountains, Miss KING'S *Bonne Maman*, etc. And we may add that the principle is equally well illustrated by the stories of Miss WOOLSON, Mr. HOWELLS, Miss WILKINS, Miss JEWETT, and other Northern writers.

—Venerable OSWALD OTTENDORFER, proprietor of New York's great German newspaper, the *Staats-Zeitung*, is home, after nearly a year's sojourn in Europe. The German people, he says, are not inclined toward war; the feeling toward France is much more generous than it has been. Nor, he adds, are the French people pining for conflicts. Hot-headed talkers in Paris do not voice popular French opinion; the average French citizen is a conservative, not a wild, man.

—Newspaper paragraphers have had boundless merriment over the "lace cuffs" of the late ex-Attorney-General BREWSTER. The truth is that the "lace cuffs" were not lace at all. When Mr. BREWSTER began at the bar he was poor, and his early years were marked by bitter struggles. During this trying period he received from his mother some shirts finished in the old-fashioned style with frilled bands for cuffs, his mother's own handiwork. Later, when death cost him the loss of this best friend, he determined always to continue wearing the same sort of garment, impelled to the resolution by a sentiment that had in it the tenderest love for his devoted mother's memory. Nor could any amount of raillery ever induce him to change this old-time attire.

—Pugilist JOHN L. SULLIVAN, tired of the glories heaped upon him in monarchical lands, has taken the temperance pledge, and is coming home to be a Boston editor.

—Mr. RUSKIN'S serious sickness is over, and he is hard at work again.

—WILSON BARRETT is building a theatre for himself in London, which it is promised will be the best equipped play-house in the world.

—Queen VICTORIA seems to have renewed her youth this spring. She is continually on the go, undertaking excursions that, for their wearisomeness, she might have hesitated at a score of years ago.

—CARL SCHURZ spends this spring and summer in Germany. He sailed last week in perfect health, and expectant of pleasure unbounded in father-land.

—Ouida has shocked London taste once more. She will not visit that city again, she says, till the old church near her London house is washed and brightened. Its dinginess is what gives the church peculiar beauty, according to the London eye. Thus her latest proclamation is a good deal more exasperating than that of a month ago, when the novelist insisted that society women should take up cigarette-smoking, so as to be able to stay at the dinner-table as long as the men do.

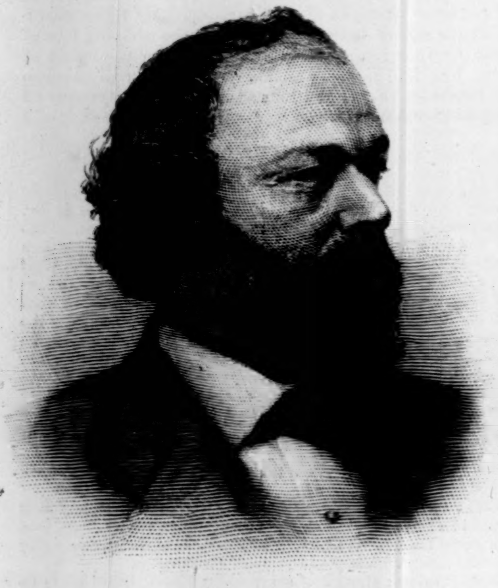
—Mrs. ANASTASIA PARSELLS, of Pamrapo, who remembers well the appearance of GEORGE WASHINGTON, celebrated her one-hundred-and-second birthday the other week with her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, holding a family jubilee in her honor.

—Georgia has a white slave. JOHN S. HUGHES, of Atlanta, owed a farmer a bill that he was unable to pay, and jokingly offered a bill of sale of himself to cancel the bill. His offer was accepted, and a lawyer drew the documents. After signing, however, HUGHES repented; but his owner wouldn't relent, and lawyers who were consulted said the sale was valid and the courts would endorse it. Much against his will, the white slave has been obliged to go on a farm to work for his owner.

—RICHARD MCCRONE, of Thomsonville, Connecticut, sixty-five years old, and in perfect health, has eaten no animal food in forty years.

—It probably isn't generally known that Boss TWEED ever aimed at a patronship of literature; but Commodore JOSEPH H. TOOKER recites that just before "the old man" fell a victim to the unfeeling law, he commissioned Mr. TOOKER to celebrate the old Seventh Ward in a volume of history. TWEED was bent on self-glorification, of course, but the cruel Committee of Seventy denied him that particular bit of fame.

—A new LINCOLN story comes from the South. It is related that on his arrival at General GRANT'S camp at City Point, Virginia, in 1864, the part of his trip made by water had left him with a sense of sea-sickness. "Try oysters and champagne," urged a staff-officer; "that's the very best remedy in the world for sea-sickness." "No," answered the President—"no, I don't think champagne was intended to do much curing. I've noticed that most of the men sea-sick ashore have always been drinking that very medicine."



THE LATE GENERAL Q. A. GILLMORE.
From a Photograph by Kurtz.

MAJOR-GENERAL CROOK.
[See Page 282.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. R. BROOKE.
From a Photograph by Kimball, Concord, N. H.—[See Page 282.]

GENERAL GILLMORE.

Quincy Adams Gillmore, Colonel of Engineers and brevet Major-General, United States army, died at his home in Brooklyn on Saturday, April 7th, and was interred at West Point Wednesday, April 11th. General Gillmore was the eldest of a family of eight, of mixed Scotch and German descent, the other seven, three brothers and four sisters, all surviving him. He was born in Black River (now Lorain), Lorain County, Ohio, February 25, 1825, and was therefore just past sixty-three at the time of his death.

His early life was passed on the farm, with the usual alternation of winter school, as pupil, and later as teacher. He was an especial favorite of the family physician, Dr. Strong, through whose influence he was appointed to a cadet vacancy, and entered the Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1845. It would seem that the scope of his early education was somewhat limited, if the tradition of the Academy may be trusted, which says that at his entrance he had never even heard of algebra. If this be true, it is evidence of remarkable native abilities and of intentness of application that he was graduated at the head of his class in 1849. Passing through the ordinary course of promotion, during which he served as Assistant Instructor in Military Engineering at West Point and as Assistant Engineer on construction of fortifications in Hampton Roads, Virginia, and in charge of fortifications in New York Harbor, he became Captain, August 6, 1861. He was detailed as Chief Engineer of the Union forces in the Port Royal expedition, and was present at the descent upon Hilton Head, South Carolina, November 7, 1861.

His first great distinction was achieved in the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, February 19 to April 11, 1862. As commander of the forces engaged in this siege, and responsible for its conduct, he boldly discarded the traditions of attack upon fortified places, and planting his breaching batteries at distances never thought of before, succeeded in less than two days' bombardment in opening a practicable breach, and rendering untenable a work which the most eminent engineers had, in view of its peculiar situation, pronounced impregnable. For this service he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, April 28, 1862. In the latter part of 1862 and the early part of 1863 he was in command of military districts in western Virginia and Kentucky, and was brevetted Colonel "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Somerset, Kentucky." For nearly a year following, as Major-General of Volunteers, he was in command of the Department of the South, where his ability as an engineer was again displayed in the reduction of Fort Sumter and the successful siege of Fort Wagner, on Morris Island. Later, with his (Tenth) corps, he took part in the final operations of the army on the James River. He received brevets of Brigadier-General and Major-General for services before Charleston, resigning his Volunteer commission as Major-General in December, 1865.

Since the war he has been constantly employed upon a variety of duties such as devolve upon the Corps of Engineers; and his name is most intimately associated with the improvement of the harbors at Charleston and Savannah, with other like works along the Atlantic coast, and as President of the Mississippi River Commission, with the great works which have been projected and are still in progress for the rectification of that important waterway. Outside of his military record, General Gillmore gained a high reputation by his published studies in cements and mortars, concretes and building stones, and road-making and paving, and his treatises on these subjects are regarded as of the highest authority.

For more than five years before his death General Gillmore suffered almost constantly, and at times acutely, from disease originating in the kidneys, which seriously impaired his activity, and compelled him to withdraw more and more from his duties the personal attention which he was always anxious to give. He had, however, the faculty of working effectively through others, and showed in all his intervals of better physical condition a strong grasp and clear view of the subjects which required his attention. About the middle of June, 1886, he was prostrated by a severe attack of fever, and from that crisis failed steadily to the last. Even during this period of decline he never ceased to observe how his assistants met the responsibilities he was compelled to put upon them.

General Gillmore was eminently an efficient man. When he approached any subject it was always with a perfectly clear view of the thing itself and of its relations, and having once formed his plans, he pressed them with an insistence that refused to be defeated. When he wrote, the same qualities appeared; his meaning was not to be mistaken, and his words were carefully chosen and forcibly used. Such a character may not, outside of its immediate circle of intimates, endear, but it commands admiration and respect.

A FALLEN HORSE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.

A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.*

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

RECAPTURE.

AT last our interview was terminated. Layelah came and informed us that all was ready for our departure. We walked sadly to the place, and found the athalebs crouched to receive their riders. There were four beside ours. Layelah informed me that I was to go with her, and Almah was to go on another athaleb. I entreated her to let Almah go with me; but she declined, saying that our athaleb could only carry two, as he seemed fatigued, and it would not be safe to overload him for so long a flight. I told her that Almah and I could go together on the same athaleb; but she objected on the ground of my ignorance of driving. And so, remonstrances and objections being alike useless, I was compelled to yield to the arrangements that had been made. Almah mounted on another athaleb. I mounted with Layelah, and then the great monsters expanded their mighty wings, rose into the air, and soon were speeding over the waters.

We went on in silence for some time. I was too despondent to say a word, and all my thoughts turned toward Almah, who was now separated from me—perhaps forever. The other athalebs went ahead, at long intervals apart, flying in a straight line, while ours was last. Layelah said nothing. She sat in front of me; her back was turned toward me; she held in her hands the reins, which hung quite loose at first, but after a while she drew them up, and seemed to be directing our course. For some time I did not notice anything in particular, for my eyes were fixed upon the athaleb immediately before us, upon which was seated the loved form of Almah, which I could easily recognize. But our athaleb flew slowly, and I noticed that we were falling behind. I said this to Layelah, but she only remarked that it was fatigued with its long journey. To this I objected that the others had made as long a journey, and insisted that she should draw nearer. This she at first refused to do; but at length, as I grew persistent, she complied, or pretended to do so. In spite of this, however, we again fell behind, and I noticed that this always happened when the reins were drawn tight. On making this discovery I suddenly seized both reins and let them trail loose, whereupon the athaleb at once showed a perceptible increase of speed, which proved that there was no fatigue in him whatever. This I said to Layelah.

She acquiesced with a sweet smile, and taking the reins again, she sat around so as to face me, and said:

"You are very quick. It is no use to try to deceive you, Atam-or: I wish to fall behind."

"Why?"

"To save you."

"To save me?"

"Yes. I can take you to the land of the Orin. Now is the time to escape from death. If you go back you must surely die; but now, if you will be guided by me, I can take you to the land of the Orin. There they all hate death, they love life, they live in the light. There you will find those who are like yourself; there you can love and be happy."

"But what of Almah?" I asked.

Layelah made a pretty gesture of despair.

"You are always talking of Almah," said she. "What is Almah to you? She is cold, dull, sad! She never will speak. Let her go."

"Never!" said I. "Almah is worth more than all the world to me."

Layelah sighed.

"I can never, never, never," said she, "get from you the least little bit of a kind word—even after all that I have done for you, and when you know that I would lie down and let you trample me under your feet if it gave you any pleasure."

"Oh, that is not the question at all," said I. "You are asking me to leave Almah—to be false to her—and I cannot."

"Among the Kosekin," said Layelah, "it is the highest happiness for lovers to give one another up."

"I am not one of the Kosekin," said I. "I cannot let her go away—I cannot let her go back to the *amir*—to meet death alone. If she dies she shall see me by her side, ready to die with her."

At this Layelah laughed merrily.

"Is it possible," said she, "that you believe that? Do you not know that if Almah goes back alone she will not die?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she can only die when you are in her company. She has lived for years among us, and we have waited for some one to appear whom she might love, so that we might give them both the blessing of death. If that one should leave her, Almah could not receive the blessing. She would be compelled to live longer, until some other lover should appear. Now, by going with me to the land of the Orin, you will save Almah's life—and as for Almah, why, she will be happy—and dear papa is quite willing to marry her. You must see, therefore, dear Atam-or, that my plan is the very best that can be thought of for all of us, and above all for Almah."

This, however, was intolerable; and I could not consent to desert Almah, even if by doing so I should save her life. My own nature revolted from it. Still it was not a thing which I could dismiss on the instant. The safety of Almah's life, indeed, required consideration; but then the thought came of her wonder at my desertion. Would she not think me false? Would not the thought of my falsity be worse than death?

"No," said I, "I will not leave her—not even to save her life. Even among us there are things worse than death. Almah would rather die by the sacrificial knife than linger on with a broken heart."

"Oh no," said Layelah, sweetly; "she will rejoice that you are safe. Do you not see that while you are together death is inevitable, but if you separate you may both live and be happy?"

"But she will think me dead," said I, as a new idea occurred. "She will think that some accident has befallen me."

"Oh no, she won't," said Layelah; "she will think that you have gone off with me."

"Then that will be worse, and I would rather die, and have her die with me, than live and have her think me false."

"You are very, very obstinate," said Layelah, sweetly.

I made no reply. During this conversation I had been too intent upon Layelah's words to notice the athalebs before me; but now as I looked up I saw that we had fallen far behind, and that Layelah had headed our athaleb in a new direction. Upon this I once more snatched the reins from her, and tried to return to our former course. This, however, I was utterly unable to do.

Layelah laughed.

"You will have to let me guide our course," said she. "You can do nothing. The athaleb will now go in a straight line to the land of the Orin."

Upon this I started up in wild excitement.

"Never, never, never!" I cried, in a fury. "I will not; I will destroy this athaleb and perish in the water!"

As I said this I raised my rifle.

"What are you going to do?" cried Layelah, in accents of fear.

"Turn back," I cried, "or I will kill this athaleb!"

Upon this Layelah dropped the reins, stood up, and looked at me with a smile.

"Oh, Atam-or," said she, "what a thing to ask! How can I go back now, when we have started for the land of the Orin?"

"We shall never reach the land of the Orin," I cried; "we shall perish in the sea!"

"Oh no," said Layelah; "you cannot kill the athaleb. You are no more than an insect; your rod is a weak thing, and will break on his iron frame."

It was evident that Layelah had not the slightest idea of the powers of my rifle. There was no hesitation on my part. I took aim with the rifle. At that moment I was desperate. I thought of nothing but the swift flight of the athaleb, which was bearing me away forever from Almah. I could not endure that thought, and still less could I endure the thought that she should believe me false. It was therefore in a wild passion of rage and despair that I levelled my rifle, taking aim as well as I could at what seemed a vital part under the wing. The motion of the wing rendered this difficult, however, and I hesitated a moment, so as to make sure. All this time Layelah stood looking at me with a smile on her rosy lips and a merry twinkle in her eyes—evidently regarding my words as empty threats and my act as a vain pretence, and utterly unprepared for what was to follow.

"THE NEXT INSTANT WE WERE ALL IN THE WATER TOGETHER."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

Suddenly I fired both barrels in quick succession. The reports rang out in thunder over the sea. The athaleb gave a wild, appalling shriek, and fell straight down into the water, fluttering vainly with one wing, while the other hung down useless. A shriek of horror burst from Layelah. She started back, and fell from her standing-place into the waves beneath. The next instant we were all in the water together—the athaleb writhing and lashing the water into foam, while I involuntarily clung to his coarse mane, and expected death every moment.

But death did not come; for the athaleb did not sink, but floated with his back out of the water, the right pinion being sunk underneath and useless, and the left struggling vainly with the sea. But after a time he folded up the left wing and drew it close in to his side, and propelled himself with his long hind-legs. His right wing was broken, but he did not seem to have suffered any other injury.

Suddenly I heard a cry behind me:

"Atam-or! oh, Atam-or!"

I looked around and saw Layelah. She was swimming in the water, and seemed exhausted. In the agitation of the past few moments I had lost sight of her, and had thought that she was drowned; but now the sight of her roused me from my stupor and brought me back to myself. She was swimming, yet her strokes were weak and her face was full of despair. In an instant I had flung off my coat, rolled up the rifle and pistol in its folds, and sprung into the water. A few strokes brought me to Layelah. A moment more and I should have been too late. I held her head out of water, told her not to struggle, and then struck out to go back. It would have been impossible for me to do this, encumbered with such a load, had I not fortunately perceived the floating wing of the athaleb close beside me. This I seized, and by means of it drew myself with Layelah alongside; after which I succeeded in putting her on the back of the animal, and soon followed myself.

The terror of the rifle had overwhelmed her, and the suddenness of the catastrophe had almost killed her. She had struggled in the water for a long time, and had called to me in vain. Now she was quite exhausted, and lay in my arms trembling and sobbing. I spoke to her encouragingly, and wrapped her in my coat, and rubbed her hands and feet, until at last she began to recover. Then she wept quietly for a long time; then the weeping fit passed away. She looked up with a smile, and in her face there was unutterable gratitude.

"Atam-or," said she, "I never loved death like the rest of the Kosekin; but now—but now—I feel that death with you would be sweet."

Then tears came to her eyes, and I found tears coming to my own, so that I had to stoop down and kiss away the tears of Layelah. As I did so she twined both her arms around my neck, held me close to her, and sighed.

"Oh, Atam-or, death with you is sweet! And now you cannot reproach me— You have done this yourself, with your terrible power; and you have saved my life to let me die with you. You do not hate me, then, Atam-or, do you? Just speak once to a poor little girl, and say that you do not hate her!"

All this was very pitiable. What man that had a heart in his breast could listen unmoved to words like these, or look without emotion upon one so beautiful, so gentle, and so tender? It was no longer Layelah in triumph with whom I had to do, but Layelah in distress: the light banter, the teasing, mocking smile, the kindling eye, the ready laugh, all were gone. There was nothing now but mournful tenderness—the timid appeal of one who dreaded a repulse, the glance of deep affection, the abandonment of love.

I held Layelah in my arms, and I thought of nothing now but words of consolation for her. Life seemed over; death seemed inevitable; and there, on the back of the athaleb, we floated on the waters and waited for our doom.

CHAPTER XXV.

FALLING, LIKE ICARUS, INTO THE SEA.

The aurora light, which had flamed brightly, was now extinct, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, where we floated on the back of the monster. He swam, forcing himself onward with his hind-legs, with one broad wing folded up close. Had both been folded up the athaleb could have swum rapidly; but the broken wing lay expanded over the water, tossing with the waves, so that our progress was but slight. Had it not been for this, the athaleb's own instinct might have served to guide him toward some shore which we might have hoped to reach before life was extinct; but as it was, all thought of reaching any shore was out of the question, and there arose before us only the prospect of death—a death, too, which must be lingering and painful and cruel. Thus amid the darkness we floated, and the waves dashed around us, and the athaleb never ceased to struggle in the water, trying to force his way onward. It seemed sweet at that moment to have Layelah with me, for what could have been more horrible than loneliness amid those black waters? and Layelah's mind was made up to meet death with joy, so that her mood conveyed itself to me. And I thought that since death was inevitable it were better to meet it thus, and in this way end my life—not amid the horrors of the sacrifice and the *Mista Kosek*, but in a way which seemed natural to a seafaring man like myself, and with which I had long familiarized my thoughts. For I had fallen upon a world and among people which were all alien and unintelligible to me; and to live on would only open the way to new and worse calamities. There was peace also in the thought that my death would snatch the prospect of death from Almah. She would now be safe. It was only when we were together as lovers that death threatened her; but now since I was removed she could resume her former life, and she might remember me only as an episode in that life. That she would remember me I felt sure, and that she would weep for me and mourn after me was undeniable; but time as it passed would surely alleviate that grief, and Almah would live and be happy. Perhaps she might yet regain her native land and rejoin her loved kindred, whom she would tell of the stranger from an unknown shore who had loved her, and through whose death she had gained her life. Such were the thoughts that filled my mind as I floated over the black water with darkness all around, as I held Layelah in my arms, with my coat wrapped around her, and murmured in her ear tender words of consolation and sympathy.

A long, long time had passed—but how long I know not—when suddenly Layelah gave a cry, and started up on her knees, with her head bent forward listening intently. I too listened, and I could distinctly hear the sound of breakers. It was evident that we were approaching some shore; and, from what I remembered of the shore of Magones, such a shore meant death, and death alone. We stood up and tried to peer through the gloom. At length we saw a whole line of breakers, and beyond all was black. We waited anxiously in that position, and drew steadily nearer. It was evident that the athaleb was desirous of reaching that shore, and we could do nothing but await the result.

But the athaleb had his wits about him, and swam along on a line with the breakers for some distance, until at length an opening appeared, into which he directed his course. Passing through this we reached still water, which seemed like a lagoon surrounded by a coral reef. The athaleb swam on farther, and at length we saw before us an island with a broad, sandy beach, beyond which was the shadowy outline of a forest. Here the monster landed, and dragged himself wearily upon the sand, where he spread his vast bulk out, and lay panting heavily. We dismounted—I first, so as to assist Layelah; and then it seemed as if death were postponed for a time, since we had reached this place where the rich and rank vegetation spoke of nothing but vigorous life.

Fortune had indeed dealt strangely with me. I had fled with Almah, and with her had reached one desolate shore, and now I found myself with Layelah upon another shore, desolate also, but not a savage wilderness. This lonely island, ringed with the black ocean waters, was the abode of a life of its own, and there was nothing here to crush the soul into a horror of despair like that which was caused by the tremendous scenes on Magones.

In an instant Layelah revived from her gloom. She looked around, clapped her little hands, laughed aloud, and danced for joy.

"Oh, Atam-or," she cried, "see—see the trees, see the grass, the bushes! This is a land of wonder. As for food, you can call it down from the sky with your *sepet-ram*, or we can find it on the rocks. Oh, Atam-or! life is better than death, and we can live here, and we can be happy. This shall be better to us than the lands of the Orin, for we shall be alone, and we shall be all in all to one another."

I could not help laughing, and I said:

"Layelah, this is not the language of the Kosekin. You should at once go to the other side of this island, and sit down and wait for death."

"Never," said Layaleh; "you are mine, Atam-or, and I never will leave you. If you wish me to die for you, I will gladly lay down my life; but I will not leave you. I love you, Atam-or; and now, whether it be life or death, it is all the same so long as I have you."

Our submersion in the sea and our long exposure afterward had chilled both of us, but Layelah felt it most. She was shivering in her wet clothes in spite of my coat, which I insisted on her wearing, and I determined, if possible, to kindle a fire. Fortunately my powder was dry, for I had thrown off my flask with my coat before jumping into the sea, and thus I had the means of creating fire. I rubbed wet powder over my handkerchief, and then gathered some dried sticks and moss. After this I found some dead trees, the boughs of which were dry and brittle, and in the exercise I soon grew warm, and had the satisfaction of seeing a great heap of fagots accumulating. I fired my pistol into the handkerchief, which, being saturated with powder, caught the fire, and this I blew into a flame among the dried moss. A bright fire now sprang up and blazed high in the air; while I, in order to have an ample supply of fuel, continued to gather it for a long time. At length, as I came back, I saw Layelah lying on the sand in front of the fire, sound asleep. I was glad of this, for she was weary, and had seemed so weak and tremulous that I had felt anxious; so now I arranged my coat over her carefully, and then sat down for a time to think over this new turn which my fortune had taken.

This island was certainly very unlike Magones, yet I had no surety but that it might be equally destitute of food. This was the first question, and I could not think of sleep until I had found out more about the place. The aurora light, which constantly brightens and lessens in this strange world, was now shining gloriously, and I set forth to explore the island. The beach was of fine sand all the way. The water was smooth, and shut in on every side by an outer reef against which the sea-waves broke incessantly. As I walked I soon perceived what the island was; for I had often seen such places before in the South Pacific. It was, in fact, a coral islet, with a reef of rocks encircling it on every side. The vegetation, however, was unlike anything in the world beyond; for it consisted of many varieties of tree-ferns, that looked like palms, and giant grasses, and bamboo. The island was but small, and the entire circuit was not over a mile. I saw nothing that looked like food, nor did it seem likely that in so small a place there could be enough sustenance for us. Our only hope would be from the sea, yet even here I could see no signs of any sort of shell-fish. On the whole the prospect was discouraging, and I returned to the starting-point with a feeling of dejection; but this feeling did not trouble me much at that time: my chief thought was of rest, and I flung myself down on the sand and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a cry from Layelah. Starting up, I saw her standing and looking into the sky. She was intensely excited. As soon as she saw me she rushed toward me and burst into tears, while I, full of wonder, could only stare upward.

"Oh!" cried Layelah, "they've turned back—they've found us! We shall have to leave our dear, lovely island. Oh, Atam-or, I shall lose you now; for never, never, never again will you have one thought of love for your poor Layelah!"

With these words she clung sobbing to me. For my part I do not remember what I said to soothe her, for the sight above was so amazing that it took up all my attention. The aurora shone bright, and in the sky I saw two vast objects wheeling and circling, as if about to descend. I recognized them at once as athalebs; but as their backs were hid from view by their immense wings, I could not make out whether they were wanderers about to alight of their own accord, or guided here by riders—perhaps by the Kosekin from whom we had been parted.

This much at least I remember. I said to Layelah that these athalebs were wild ones, which had come here because they saw or scented our wounded one; but Layelah shook her head with mournful meaning.

"Oh no," said she; "Almah has come back for you. This fire-light has guided them. If you had not made the fire, they never, never, never could have found us; but now all is lost."

There was no time for conversation or discussion. The athalebs drew swiftly nearer and nearer, descending in long circuits, until at length they touched the ground not far away on the wide sandy beach. Then we saw people on their backs, and among them was Almah. We hurried toward them, and Almah rushed into my arms, to the great disgust of Layelah, for she was close beside me and saw it all. She gave an exclamation of grief and despair, and hurried away.

From Almah I learned that our disappearance had caused alarm; that two of the athalebs had come back in search of us; that they had been to Magones, and had searched over the seas, and were just about giving us up as lost, when the fire-light had attracted their attention and drawn them here.

I said nothing at that time about the cause of our disappearance, but merely remarked that the athaleb had fallen into the sea and swam here. This was sufficient. They had to remain here for some time longer to rest their athalebs. At length we prepared to depart. Our wounded athaleb was left behind to take care of himself. I was taken with Almah, and Layelah went on the other. We were thus separated; and so we set forth upon our return, and at length arrived at the *amir*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.

The officer nominated by President Cleveland for the vacancy in the army occasioned by the retirement of Major-General A. H. Terry, on account of ill health, was General George Crook, the senior Brigadier-General, and first in the line of promotion. Not only as the ranking brigadier, but also in acknowledgment of his long and distinguished career, this honor was well deserved. Born near Dayton, Ohio, September 8, 1829, General Crook was appointed from that State to the Military Academy at West Point in 1848, and graduated four years later, number thirty-eight in a class of forty-three members, receiving an assignment as brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. His promotion to be First Lieutenant followed in 1856, while the outbreak of the civil war advanced him to his Captaincy. His service up to that time had been in frontier duty, principally on the Pacific coast, where he was wounded by an Indian arrow in the Pitt River expedition of 1857, which he commanded. Made Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteers, he took part in the operations of 1861 in West Virginia; subsequently in McClellan's Maryland campaign of 1862; then in command of a division of cavalry in Rosecrans's Army of the Cumberland, fighting at Chickamauga, and pursuing General Wheeler across the Tennessee, in 1863; then again in West Virginia, in 1864, when he won a victory at Cloyd Mountain; then in the Shenandoah Valley, where he commanded an organization known as the Army of West Virginia, or the Eighth Corps; and finally in command of a division of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac during the final campaign of 1865, which ended in Lee's surrender. His brevets in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services include that of Major for the battle of Lewisburg, in 1861, where he was wounded; that of Lieutenant-Colonel for the battle of Antietam; that of Colonel for the battle of Farmington; that of Brigadier-General for the campaign of 1864 in West Virginia, which latter also procured his brevet of Major-General of Volunteers; that of Major-General for the battle of Fisher's Hill. Meanwhile he had risen to the full rank of Major-General of Volunteers in 1864. After the war he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry, and reached his grade of Brigadier-General in the regular army nearly fifteen years ago, in 1873. He has until now been in command of the Department of the Platte, with head-quarters at Omaha, but will hereafter have a Division command.

The prominent part taken by General Crook in Indian affairs during the last twenty years has made his name familiar to the public. His successes have been not only in conducting hostilities, but in warding off Indian wars, and in negotiations with the tribes. Nothing in General Crook's career is more to his credit than the earnestness with which he has often defended the red men from imputations of bad faith and of desire for war, sometimes sacrificing his own popularity among the frontiersmen to a sense of justice in placing the responsibility for outbreaks where it belonged.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. R. BROOKE.

The special distinction involved in the selection of Colonel John R. Brooke, Third Infantry, to be Brigadier-General in place of General Crook, promoted, is obvious from the fact that he was only the eighth highest in relative rank among the colonels of the line, and that five colonels in his own arm, the infantry, outranked him. The well-known names of these officers—Colonel Grierson, Tenth Cavalry; Colonel E. Hatch, Ninth; Colonel C. H. Smith, Nineteenth Infantry; Colonel Andrews, Twenty-fifth; Colonel Kautz, Eighth; Colonel Wheaton, Second; Colonel Shafter, First—sufficiently indicate the qualities which Colonel Brooke must possess as a soldier, and his fitness for hard service in any form of duty that may be required, in order to be passed over their heads for promotion.

Born in Pennsylvania July 21, 1838, General Brooke has not yet reached the age of fifty. He was among the foremost to obey the call of President Lincoln for volunteers, entering the service as Captain of a three months' regiment, the Fourth Pennsylvania. At the end of his term he became Colonel of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania. His commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers did not come until the summer of 1864, but it then brought exceptional honors, being awarded specifically "for distinguished services during the recent battles of the Old Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House." Only eight other officers now remaining on the active list have received commissions for specified distinguished services. His brevet of Major-General of Volunteers was dated from August 1, 1864, and in 1867 he received the brevet of Brigadier-General in the regular army. At the reorganization of the army after the war he received the high rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-seventh Infantry, was transferred to the Third in 1869, took

promotion in course to Colonel of the Thirteenth in 1879, and was again transferred to the Third, of which he has been in command till now, his head-quarters being at Fort Shaw, Montana. He is universally regarded as an excellent officer.

A HORSE DOWN.

It is greatly to be wondered at that horses do not fall more frequently when at work in large cities, where the road-beds are so defective. Stones are slippery even when ice is not present. From want of care a horse's shoes are often worn so smooth that they give the animal insufficient foothold. Nothing is more distressing than to see the efforts made by a horse to work his way, when in the shafts, over the frozen streets and to keep his feet. In bad weather in New York there are always horses down. The lessons of humanity inculcated by that excellent man, Mr. Bergh, are not forgotten, though the teacher has passed away. Offers of service from the passers-by are at once made. Some of the suggestions, though well meant, are certainly curious. Generally some one says, "Sit on his head," the head of the prostrate animal being, of course, the seat indicated. In a certain sense this is not so far wrong, but there is no use of sitting on a horse's head unless the animal be one of a turbulent character. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in the thousand, if the horse has had a regular fall, he lies prone on the ground; he is shaken, a trifle stunned, and no little dazed. Bound up in the harness, his neck secured in the collar, one trace generally under him, and held down by his own weight, he cannot move. The best thing to do is to put your hand on his head lightly, just about the ear, as Mr. Bodfish has drawn it, and to speak a kind word to him. You do not want to get him up while he is in harness, unless you wish a bill of repairs to the advantage of the harness-maker and carriage-builder. Unloose the bearing-rein at once, detach the shafts, unbuckle the breeching, get him free of the traces. Once free from the vehicle, back the coupé, or whatever it may be. Do not force the horse to rise with a jump: he will know better how to get on his legs than you can show him. Good horses have come down in the streets, and would have been none the worse for their tumble if it had not been for the stupidity of drivers who force the animal to get up in a way never intended by nature. Then strains take place which permanently injure a horse. When a horse falls in the streets, the crowd invariably helps under the instructions of the driver. Mr. Bodfish has drawn a characteristic picture. There is the policeman, wanting the street cleared as soon as possible, and by his side the messenger boy, who, with an important letter to deliver, will of course remain rooted to the spot until the horse is up, harnessed again, and clatters off with the coupé. It looks, from the complacent mien of the horse and the shield on his foreleg, that he has before this seen his best days, and that falling down is not a novel accident to him. The wear and tear of horseflesh in New York is enormous.

OUR NEW NAVY.

The old wooden fleet is fast dropping to pieces. Half a dozen years hence only four of the wooden cruisers will remain, and by the year 1896 the last of them will be gone. But a new navy of steel and iron is already taking the place of these superannuated craft, and a double-page illustration in the present number of the Weekly shows how all our new vessels will look, whether built, building, or only as yet planned.

Taking up first the armored vessels, we find, to start with, the double-turret Monitors *Puritan*, *Miantonomoh*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror*. The first will be the most formidable of all American-built vessels of the monitor type, having 6000 tons displacement, a length of 280 feet, a breadth of 60, 16 inches of steel armor on the turret and 12 on the sides, an armament of four 10½-inch breech-loading steel rifles, a speed of 13¼ knots, produced by engines aggregating 4100 horse-power. The other four have each 3887 tons displacement, a length of 250 feet, a breadth of 55½, a mean draught of 14⅛; they carry two 10-inch guns in each turret, making four of that calibre on each vessel; they have each 7 inches of steel armor on the sides and 11½ on the turret, except that the *Miantonomoh's* armor is of wrought iron. They are expected to have about 10 knots speed, produced by engines of 1600 horse-power, the *Miantonomoh's*, however, being given at 1426. This last-named, which is the most advanced, is under completion at Brooklyn. The keel of the *Puritan* was laid in 1875, the keels of the others in 1874. Their hulls are of iron, and though intended primarily for coast defence, they are sea-going vessels. The seven inches of side armor could easily be pierced by modern guns, and the delay of many years to complete these vessels arose from the conviction of many experts that it would hardly be worth while to finish them, especially as their turrets could not accommodate guns of the largest calibre. But their low freeboard makes them a difficult mark to hit, and they can at least carry larger guns than any yet made in this country. The cost of these five vessels completed is estimated at $9,000,000.

Much more important than the five Monitors, and presumably the most important and effective vessels building for the new navy, are the *Texas* and *Maine*, the armored battle-ship and cruiser. These are twin-screw, sea-going, double-bottomed vessels of considerably over 6000 tons displacement each, with engines for working under forced draught, designed for 17 knots speed, and to cost, exclusive of their guns, $2,500,000 each. The bill for their construction was passed in August, 1886. Secretary Whitney invited designs from all naval architects, and one of the prizes of $15,000 offered was won by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, of England. The prize for the other design was not awarded, but the government bureaus have planned a vessel of the sort required. These vessels have steel hulls not sheathed with wood, numerous water-tight compartments, complete and powerful pumping systems and thorough drainage and ventilation, a ram bow, and a steel-armored deck throughout above the boilers, engines, and ammunition-rooms. The armored cruiser has four 10-inch and six 6-inch guns; the armored battle-ship two 12-inch and six 6-inch guns. These vessels will carry eleven inches of steel armor, and besides their complete outfits of automobile torpedoes, will have each eighteen or twenty Hotchkiss guns and four Gatlings for the secondary battery. Both are to be built by the government, one at the Brooklyn yard, and the other at the Norfolk. They are, in general, of the medium class of fast armored sea-going vessels of which Brazil's *Riachuelo*, Russia's *Nachimoff*, England's *Impérieuse*, and China's *Ting Yuen* are well-known examples, and which are now in great favor with all maritime nations. From our illustration it will be seen how effectiveness of fire is secured by placing the turrets *en échelon*, as it is called, or on opposite sides of a line parallel with the keel, so that direct bow and stern fire may be obtained from both turrets without interfering with each other.

The armored cruiser's displacement, with 400 tons of coal on board, is about 6600 tons; her length on load water-line, 310 feet; beam, 57; indicated horse-power, 8500. The armored battle ship or Barrow vessel's displacement is 6300 tons; her length, 300 feet; extreme breadth, 64 feet; mean draught, 22½.

Turning to the unarmored cruisers and gunboats, we first come upon the four now substantially complete, built by John Roach and his assignees from designs of the Naval Advisory Board. Of these the *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and *Dolphin* were begun in 1882, and the *Chicago* the year following. The *Dolphin* and *Atlanta* are now in regular use; the *Boston*, complete except for her guns; the *Chicago*, accepted, after a successful trial, but awaiting her masts and guns. The *Dolphin* is a small vessel, of 1485 tons displacement. Her length is 240 feet; her beam, 32; her maximum draught, 14¼; her expected speed, 15 knots, which, however, she has not been able to reach at sea except under exceptionally favorable circumstances. She carries a single 6-inch steel gun, and her class is that of a despatch-boat. The *Atlanta* and *Boston* are distinctively modern vessels in all their appliances. They are each of 3000 tons displacement. They have a length of 270 feet, a beam of 42, and a maximum draught of 18½. They carry each two 8-inch guns and six 6-inch. A marked feature of these vessels is a central superstructure in which the broadside guns are placed, while a clear fire at the bow and stern respectively is given for the 8-inch guns outside of the superstructure, as indicated in our illustration. The contract horse-power of the engines of the *Atlanta* and *Boston* was 3500, and it was thought that this would yield a sea-speed of 13 knots. The *Boston* on her trial developed as high as 4200 horse-power, and an average for six hours of several hundred in excess of the contract. The *Atlanta* only reached an average of 3300, but this gave the unexpected maximum speed of 16⅓ knots, and an average of 15½ for six hours, although, it is true, she was not quite loaded down to her lines. The *Boston's* trial speed was between 14 and 15 knots, the hull being foul.

But the *Chicago* has been the most successful of the Roach cruisers, although her engines had been condemned in advance by many experts, none like them ever having been known in war vessels, and only a few in merchant steamers. She is a good-sized vessel, having a displacement of 4500 tons. Her length is 315 feet; her beam, 48; her maximum draught, 20½. Her engines exceed the contract horse-power of 5000, and her average speed exceeds 15 knots, with a maximum of 16. She is to carry four 8-inch guns and eight 6-inch. She is the most effective and valuable vessel of the navy yet built.

Next we turn to the unarmored cruisers not yet launched. These are confidently expected to far outdo the group just mentioned, as they outdid the wooden craft. One is the *Charleston*, building by the Union Iron-Works at San Francisco. She is built on plans (bought by Secretary Whitney) of the famous and fast *Naniwa-Kan*, constructed by Sir W. Armstrong & Co. for Japan, with engines by the Hawthornes. Like her prototype, the *Charleston* is of 3730 tons displacement. She is 300 feet long by 46 beam, and with a maximum draught of 19½ feet; her twin-screw engines are to develop 7500 indicated horse-power, which should give her a speed of 18 knots; her main battery will consist of two 10-inch and six 6-inch guns. Her contract price for hull and engines is $1,017,500.

Still more promising in speed is the *Baltimore*, building at Philadelphia by Cramp & Sons, on the plan known as "No. 27," of the distinguished English designer White. She has 4413 tons displacement, and is 315 feet long by 48½ beam, and with 21 feet maximum draught. Her displacement and all her general dimensions, it will be observed, are remarkably like the *Chicago's*, designed years before. But while the *Chicago*, which is also a twin-screw steamer, develops only a little above 5000 horse-power, the *Baltimore's* engines must by their contract develop 10,500, or double as much; and this power is expected to give the great speed of 19 knots. The engines of No. 27, whose plans the Navy Department bought, are by Humphreys & Tennant, the well-known English builders. The *Baltimore's* armament is to be a duplicate of the *Chicago's*, namely, four 8-inch guns and six 6-inch. Her price for hull and engines is $1,325,000.

Another cruiser building by the Cramps is the *Newark*, planned by the Navy Department bureaus. She is a twin-screw steamer of 4083 tons displacement, double-bottomed nearly half her length, has a deflective steel deck, is 310 feet long by 49½ beam, and with 18¾ mean and 20½ maximum draught. Her engines are to develop 6000 horse-power with natural and 8500 with forced draught, which last should give her 18 knots. Her armament is twelve 6-inch guns on centre-pivot mounts, and her cost, for hull and engines, $1,248,000. Finally, under this head of unarmored cruisers, must be mentioned two others, belonging to the class of the *Newark* in general character and dimensions. These are the *Philadelphia* and the *San Francisco*. They are named after the cities at which they are to be built by the Cramps and the Union Iron-Works respectively. They will be of about 4083 tons displacement, and also carry batteries like the *Newark's*, but are expected to have a speed of 19 knots on 7500 indicated horse-power under forced draught. Their rig is also that of a three-masted schooner, spreading 5400 square feet of sail, while the *Newark's* is a bark rig, with much less.

The five fast cruisers being thus disposed of, we come upon still another class of new construction—the four gun-boats. Three of these, the *Yorktown*, *Bennington*, and *Concord*, are twin-screw vessels, each of 1700 tons displacement, 230 feet long by 36 beam, and a maximum draught of 15. It is claimed for them that they are modelled on the excellent British *Archer* class. They are to develop 2200 horse-power with natural and 3300 with forced draught, this last probably giving 16 knots. Each has six 6-inch guns. The *Yorktown* is building at Philadelphia by the Cramps, and the hulls of the *Concord* and *Bennington* at Chester by the Quintard Company, assignees of Mr. Roach, while the machinery is constructed by them in New York. The fourth gun-boat, the *Petrel*, is much smaller, having 870 tons displacement, a length of 175 feet, a breadth of 31, and a maximum draught of 12½. She is to develop 1300 horse-power, with a speed of 13 knots, and to carry four 6-inch guns. Her contract price is $247,000, or about half of that of the *Bennington* and *Concord* ($490,000 each), and she is building by the Columbia Iron-Works, Baltimore.

Before leaving these two groups of vessels we may note that the first-class gun-boats are evidently to be called after the names of battle-fields of the Revolution, just as the new cruisers are to be named after cities, and the big armored vessels after States. The five Monitors now have a strikingly variegated nomenclature, drawn from classical, aboriginal, abstract, and other sources, even the two Indian ones denoting, one a mountain and the other a man. The *Dolphin* had opened the rich vein of ichthyology, but it has not been since worked, and in the very pretty name of *Petrel* we see a new departure. The vessel first expected to be in the water is the *Yorktown*, possibly to be launched at the end of this month, followed not much later by the cruiser *Baltimore*.

Torpedo warfare has not been wholly neglected by the new navy. The most novel and thoroughly American of the devices for this purpose is found in the pneumatic dynamite gun-ship building at Philadelphia by the Cramps. This is to be 239 feet long by 26½ beam, and having a mean draught of only 7½ feet. Like other torpedo-boats, it is intended to be very fast, and its engines of 3200 horse-power are guaranteed to produce a speed of 20 knots. But the most remarkable feature will be its armament of three 10½-inch tubes, which will throw long projectiles containing each 200 pounds of dynamite, or some other high explosive, to the distance of one mile, the propelling force being compressed air. These air torpedo-guns, as they may properly be called, are capable of being discharged each once in two minutes; and the experiments already made with pneumatic tubes of smaller calibres, throwing projectiles of 100 pounds of dynamite, indicate that the requirements will be met. The range is short, but the value of these weapons, compared with submarine torpedoes, considering the enormous quantity of dynamite they throw, is apparent. Besides this craft the new navy is to have one, and probably two, torpedo-boats of the first class, built of domestic steel of a high grade, and going at least 22 knots per hour. One such boat is to be built for the government by the Herreshoffs, of Rhode Island, and perhaps another by Chicago contractors. In addition Congress has authorized the purchase for $25,000 of the famous fast Herreshoff boat *Stiletto*, of 356 tons displacement. She is built of wood, 90 feet long by 11 feet beam, with a mean draught of 3 feet. The torpedo-boats will carry rapid-fire guns as well as torpedoes. Finally, Congress has appropriated $2,000,000 for floating batteries, rams, and other naval structures for coast defence. Under this authority the Secretary has called for a steel submarine torpedo-boat, with torpedo appendages. A naval board is also considering how to combine the five Monitors, each with rams and torpedo-boats, in a sort of unit of coast defence.

We must also add to our general review of new construction that most of the new cruisers and gun-boats carry torpedo tubes for launching above or under water, or both, electric search-lights, coal-bunkers so arranged as to partly protect the vital parts when they are full, coffer-dam protection for machinery and ammunition, protecting steel decks, forced ventilation, and all the other modern appliances. The new vessels are all of steel, except the five Monitors, which are of iron. They all have, in addition to their main batteries, rapid-firing Hotchkiss cannon, or Gatling-guns, or both.

Such is our new navy as it is and is about to be. Secretary Whitney once said to the cadets of the Naval Academy that as to ships and guns "we will again take our place at the head, where we were wont to be, and where we belong." This will no doubt be a long task, for much of the way is new and untrodden, but we shall get there. Forty years ago America led the world in ship-building, both with her frigates and her merchant clippers; twenty-five years ago she led it again with her Monitors and her big 15-inch guns. Now, as a penalty for a quarter of a century of apathy, she is going to school to those whom she once taught. But in due time she will better the instruction.

DISQUIETUDE.

Little one, sing me a roundelay,
  Something to lighten my weary heart:
Moonlight sleeps on the glassy bay,
  Stars in the ether are far apart,
    Pensive shadows droop from the pine—
    Lighten this lonely heart of mine.

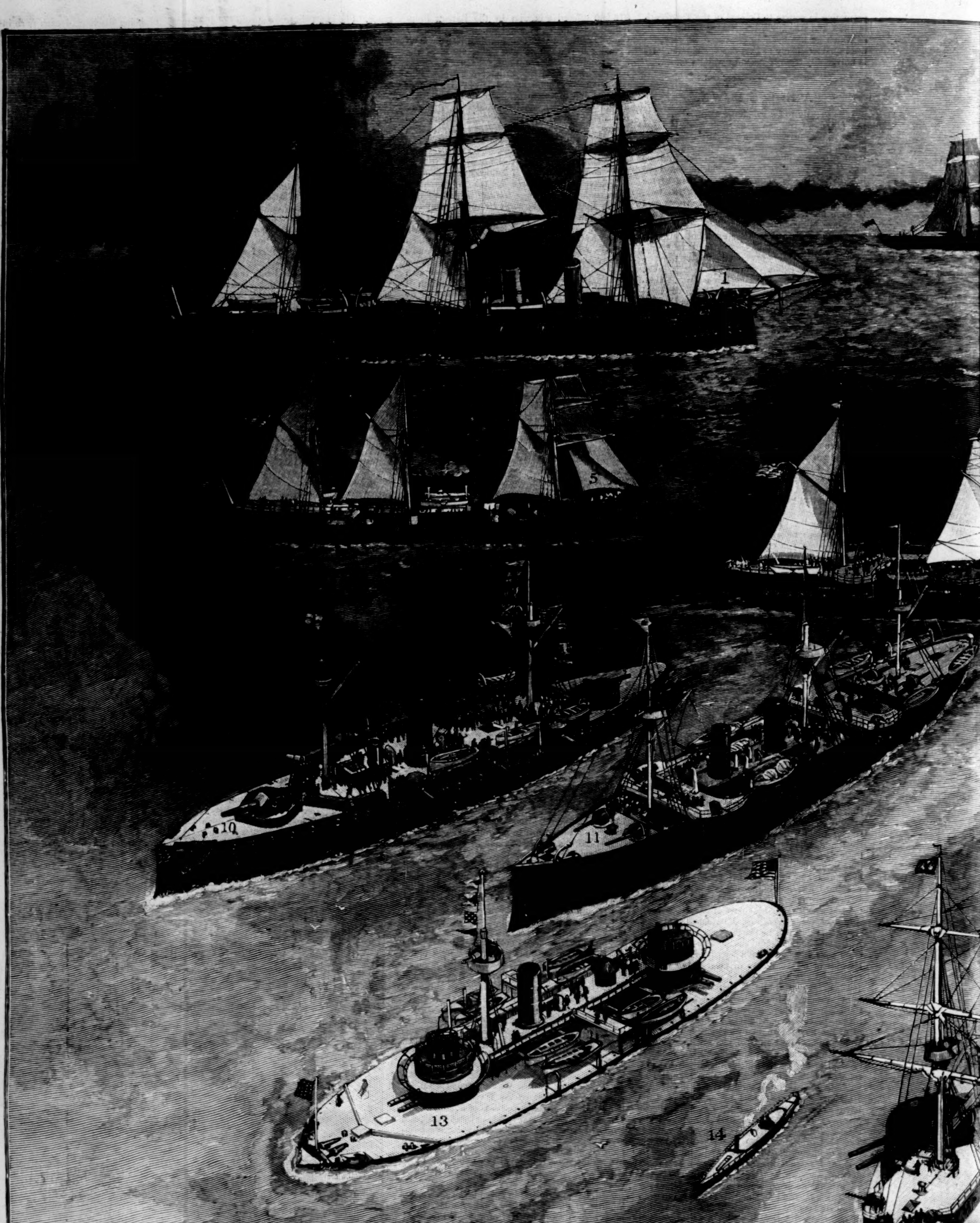
What avails us this life we lead?
  Whence do we come, and whither tend?
To what goal do we all proceed?
  When it is over, is *that* the end?—
    Ah! of these mysteries who can tell?
    The dead say nothing; they slumber well.

Yet there is hope in your happy song—
  Something that comforts and still sustains,
Saying, "What though the way be long!
  After the struggle, peace remains."
    Music spans with an angel's wing
    The gulf between faith and conjecturing.

Howard Seely.

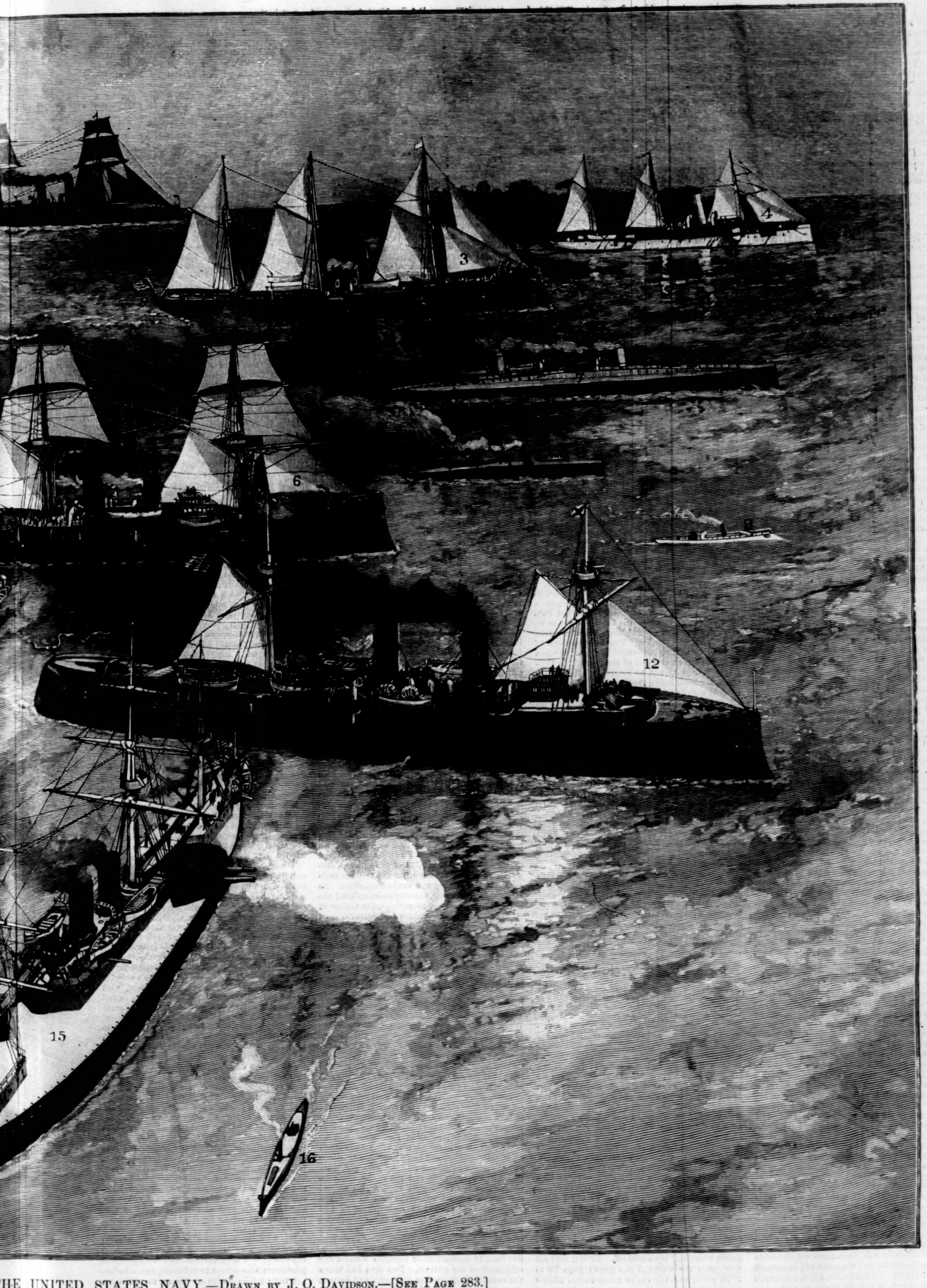
MARKING THEM DOWN.

Proprietor. "Vell, by chimminy! Vas dat you do, mark town, town, all over dem gloze?"
New Clerk. "An' didn't yer tell me ter mark all de goods down? They're all done in the store, an' it's finishin' of 'em I am outside."



NEW WAR SHIPS IN COMMISSION AND BUILDING FOR THE

1. *Chicago.* 2. *Atlanta.* 3. Gun-boat *Yorktown.* 4. *Dolphin,* Despatch-boat. 5. Gun-boat *Petrel.* 6. *Newark.* 7. Dynamite Cruiser. 8. Torpedo-boat. 9. Ship's Torpedo



HE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 283.]

pedo-boat. 10. *Charleston.* 11. Cruiser *Philadelphia.* 12. Cruiser *Baltimore.* 13. *Miantonomoh.* 14. Ship's Torpedo-boat. 15. Armored Cruiser *Maine.* 16. Ship's Torpedo-boat.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

THEY never should suspect, not they,
From anything he did or said,
While staying in the city there,
That he was country born and bred.
They'd find it hard, he guessed they would,
To make him wonder at the show;
He'd not admire a single thing,
But take good care no one should know
He was a country bumpkin.

He walked across the Brooklyn Bridge,
He saw the Park, and gravely went
To panorama, theatre,
And Greenwood, on grim pleasure bent.
He ordered at Delmonico's
Buckwheats and syrup—good ones, too;—
But never once did he admire
Or praise a thing. And so we knew
He was a country bumpkin.

A. W. R.

THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY.

THE evolution of Menlo Park, San Mateo County, California, has been a curious one. It has gone through four distinct phases of civilization. In prehistoric times—that is, before '49—it was little more than one large ranch of forest and field, and was owned by a young and beautiful Spanish widow, who buried herself in the heart of her woods, and whose house was a kind of Mecca for all the ardent caballeros of the coast. Then it was bought up in tracts by several prominent San Francisco men, and their families constituted the most refined and charming society of those rough and exciting days. At the same time this society was characterized by an informality and a lack of the smaller conventional restraints only possible in a community still in its swaddling-clothes. The daughters of these wealthy land-owners lived out-of-doors, and made each other's homes their own; the place swarmed with young men; the all-important question of dress troubled no one; and the reminiscences of those days are the pleasantest of the State.

Some years later a man of great wealth, taste, and social prominence built a magnificent house in Menlo Park, which completely eclipsed its plain, substantial neighbors, and installed therein as châtelaine a young and beautiful wife. Then, presto! vanished bucolics and simplicity. Mrs. LATHAM took the reins of society into her ambitious hands, and the county quickly dropped into line. Calls were made in Parisian gowns, and were cut down to conventional limits; people who were asked out to dinner went in grand toilet, and the young men invited from town were careful to bring their dress suits. With the advent of the FLOODS and one or two other members of the hyper-rich fraternity came the era of entertaining on an immense scale, and today one scorns a dinner in Menlo which boasts of less than fifteen courses. And now, unique and wonderful transformation, this consecrated spot of fashion, with its hallowed woods, beloved of swelldom, and its villas, obligingly put up by landlords for ambitious parasites who know the value of pitching their tents at the gates of the great—this western Trouville, in a word—is about to become the Athens of the Pacific Coast!

It was the death of young STANFORD which redirected the course of Menlo's placidly flowing currents; for Mr. STANFORD, having no heir to inherit his vast wealth, immediately determined to devote it to public good. In 1885 he had an act passed through the Legislature of the State, prepared by himself, and which, although couched in general terms, was a virtual permission to Mr. and Mrs. STANFORD to build a university to suit themselves. On the 10th of November of the same year the grant, duly drawn up and approved, was signed in the library of Mr. STANFORD's residence in San Francisco, by the Senator, Mrs. STANFORD, and the majority of the twenty-four trustees. This grant conveys land to the trustees to the amount of $5,300,000, and the money endowment will foot the entire amount up into the neighborhood of twenty millions of dollars. The grant further provides that the faculty shall consist of the president and professors, the former holding his office at the option of the trustees, the latter, together with the entire body of teachers, at that of the president. In the event of any other wealthy man desiring to endow the institution, the trustees are empowered to accept such donations, and to devote them to whatever purpose may seem best for the University. They can also cultivate or lease the land grants, and reinvest the surplus income at their discretion, but they cannot touch the principal. It is also part of their duty to ascertain the inclination of each new scholar, and to see that he is placed in such departments as will best enable him to succeed in his chosen sphere of art or industry. Although the grant manifestly places the donation in the hands of the trustees, yet sections xi., xii., and xiii. very specifically state that Mr. and Mrs. STANFORD are to retain absolute control of the property granted during their lifetime, and "to amend, alter, or modify the conditions of the grant and the trusts therein created." At the same time "this reservation does not include the right or power to sell or encumber any of the real property granted."

Mr. STANFORD has evidently determined that this memorial erected to his son shall be unique in every respect, from the immensity of the grant down; for the architecture is to have an individuality all its own in the history of universities. The buildings are to simulate the old adobe houses of the early Spanish days; they will be one-storied; they will have deep window-seats and open fireplaces, and the roofs will be covered with the familiar dark red tiles, which are shaped like long chimneys split in two. As adobe succumbs to the elements in the course of a century, and is apt to crumble to fine powder over one of California's good old-fashioned earthquakes, a light cream-colored sandstone will be used in its stead. The architects were very anxious to use the beautiful rose-colored sandstone found in Utah, but Mr. STANFORD was determined to employ none but California materials, and the native product also more nearly resembles adobe. There are to be fourteen of these buildings, all exactly alike, and built about a quadrangle 600 feet long by 250 feet wide. The sameness will be relieved by a memorial church on one side, and a handsome memorial arch on the other. Within the quadrangle will be a splendid sweep of lawn, relieved here and there by large flower beds, and a continuous arcade, covered and supported by pillars like a cloister. In this the students can take their exercise in wet weather, or pass from one building to another. These buildings will be twenty feet high, with immense windows; there will be five of them on each long side of the quadrangle, and two on each of the shorter. The church will have the effect of a mass of towers, and one of them will be placed at the disposal of visitors who desire to see one of the most magnificent views in the State. This church will accommodate 1100 persons, and ministers of different creeds will preach on successive Sundays, as even an appearance of sectarianism will be avoided in the whole plan of the University. The church will be cruciform, will be of the same material as the college buildings, and the choicest woods will be employed in its interior decoration. In addition to the University proper there are to be a large number of buildings erected at once for the benefit of the professors and parents of students, and these will be multiplied as the demand increases. The male and female colleges "are to be distinct institutions, yet with a mutual interdependence." The higher course is to be free, and the collegiate may be enjoyed for a nominal sum, it being Mr. STANFORD's idea to give educational facilities to all who are willing to take advantage of them. At the same time the professors will receive liberal salaries, that the highest talent may be secured. In addition to the ordinary collegiate course there are to be buildings devoted to the instruction of the science of government, law, medicine, painting, mechanics, agriculture, and there will be art galleries, museums, and a conservatory of music. There will be free scholarships awarded to the children of men who have died in the service of the country, and of worthy mechanics who cannot afford even the modest prices of the University, but who are ambitious for the future of their children. There will be no discrimination in regard to sex, unless, indeed, it be in favor of women.

It may not be amiss to say a word in regard to the several ranches from which the University is to derive a large share of its support. The Palo Alto estate, upon which the buildings are to be erected, consists of several farms, originally owned by separate parties. The most famous of these is the GORDON property. Mr. GORDON was a wealthy pioneer, and one of the first of the California landed gentry, so to speak. He built a charming little house, mediæval in its style, and covered with fawn-colored plaster, and this house Mr. STANFORD has always found sufficient for his wants. The place owes its present name to the tall red-wood just without its gates. The tree is about one hundred and fifty feet in height, and is the landmark of the two counties. In the GORDON days it had a companion, but one stormy winter the floods washed it away, and now it lies securely fastened on the bed of the San Francisquito Creek, which runs through the property. The place has the usual lawns, parterres of flowers, and bronzes, but in addition there are a number of wide hard roads, over which one can drive for thirty miles in one direction and another. Behind the house is the tasteful little mausoleum of gray stone in which are the remains of young STANFORD; and still further back is the trotting and stock farm, which is a town in itself.

There is not much romance about the GRIDLEY farm, with its monotonous wheat and alfalfa fields, but the Viña has a legend all its own. When the California gold fever was still an undeveloped germ, a shrewd Swede, one PEDER LASSEN, made a careful survey of California along the Sacramento River, and obtained from the Mexican government a grant of land twenty miles long and five miles wide, in what is now Tehama County. For a time he raised crops which were the wonder of the country, but concluded one day that he would like a vineyard. So he saddled his mustang and rode down to Los Angeles, a little jaunt of six hundred miles, and begged a sackful of cuttings from the old padres. They covered two acres, and flourished like everything he put his hand to. This vineyard he enlarged from time to time, and finally sold out to a German named GERKE for $5000, intending to work a mine he had discovered. He did not mine it, however; somebody mined him very successfully to the extent of his $5000, and left him in a ditch to await the services of an undertaker. But old GERKE inherited his luck. He extended the vineyard and put up a winery. In a few years his wines became famous, and connoisseurs pronounced his hock equal to any of the German light wines. The secret died with him, for he was jealous and uncommunicative. His servants are wont to relate that at a certain stage of fermentation old GERKE used to lock himself up in his cellar for nights together, and take his sleep by day. What he did nobody knows; but it is supposed that he had a peculiar way of blending the wines which gave them their inimitable flavor. He died in 1881, and Mr. STANFORD bought the property from his heirs, together with a good deal of the original LASSEN grant, which had been sold off. During the past four years the vineyard has grown from 75 to 3575 acres, and the entire ranch covers 55,000 acres. The GRIDLEY ranch covers 2100 acres, and the Palo Alto 7200.

Menlo Park itself is a flat place, and owes its beauty to its woods and the splendid cultivation of its country-seats; but the land rises on Palo Alto, and the University will command an unbroken view of the two counties on whose boundary lines it stands, and of the magnificent stretches of pine-covered, red-wood crowned coast ranges beyond. The climate of Menlo Park is considered a fine one, being very even. San Francisco is but thirty miles away, and altogether the lines of both professors and students will be cast in pleasant places. GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

DAWN.

THAT voiceless time when Night takes grace
From Morning's half revealed face
Is like the tender dawn which lies
Deep in a young girl's wistful eyes:
The woman steals down, wonder-led,
Ere yet the sweet child-days have fled;
Softly within the eyes they meet,
And each through each is passing sweet.
At Nature's dawn no watchers say,
"Behold the night! behold the day!"
None e'er the swift-winged moments told
When roses from the buds unfold;
So shall it baffle wisest art
The woman and the child to part,
When dawn is folded tenderwise
Beneath a young girl's wistful eyes.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

THE GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE.

AFTER a six weeks' struggle, one of the most important railroad strikes inaugurated since 1876 in this country has practically ended. The engineers and firemen of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy system (which reaches out through eight States, from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains, over 5500 miles of track, and touches 1500 cities, towns, and villages) left their engines, at the command of Chief ARTHUR of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and refused to return to work unless certain demands were acceded to, among the most reasonable of which was an increase of pay. The railroad officials were willing to pay larger salaries on the main line than on the branches, but this did not satisfy the strikers, and some 15,000 men put on their coats on the 25th of February, and for six weeks did everything in their power to cripple the corporations for which they had previously worked. Chief ARTHUR and his staff of Brotherhood officers and counsellors took up their head-quarters in Chicago, and from that base the battle was fought, and lost to them. Engineers and firemen from Eastern roads, and notably from the Reading, where a strike had just ended, in which the employés considered themselves not well supported by the Brotherhood, began to pour into Chicago, seeking employment, which was freely given, and which of course had the effect to weaken the moral force of the Brotherhood itself. Finding that the road was so well prepared to resist the demands of the strikers, the latter resorted to various measures to force them to terms, and through the sympathetic action of their associates on other lines succeeded in instituting a freight boycott, by reason of a threat to go out in a body if the several lines connecting with the Burlington system accepted or forwarded any freight offered by the latter road at any connecting point, no matter whether it was through or local business. Not one of the roads connecting with the Burlington was left out.

Naturally the business public began to interest itself in the conflict at this point, with the result that the aid of the United States courts was invoked to stop this interference with the transit of goods. The courts at Chicago and Omaha decided against the strikers, and this, with the sudden termination of the Santa Fe strike, inaugurated March 15th, and the refusal of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul engineers and firemen to go out, had a depressing and weakening effect. As a last resort, however, the engineers enlisted the switchmen, and began to practise the tactics of malicious interference, which had hitherto been kept in the background. As soon as new switchmen took the places of the retiring Burlington employés, the latter, in organized bodies, set upon and maltreated the former to that extent that special forces of detectives were required to preserve the peace and to protect the property of the railroad. Assaults were made in the Chicago freight yards, and a number of switchmen severely injured.

The switchmen's strike then swept over the Western railroad regions, following out the course of the original strike of the engineers and firemen, and first and last taking in the Santa Fe system, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and other connecting lines; but it passed along like a wave, and the old order of things was restored as soon as reason could be heard. By the 3d of April the strikers, finding their tactics gradually losing force and their stratagem weakening, determined to take one more step that should bring their opponent to terms. They announced that the boycott against the moving of Burlington cars by other roads was removed, that other lines could do as they pleased, and their employés be under no obligations to aid the strikers, save with sympathy and spare cash, and the strike would be confined to the Burlington road. This radical action was taken because the strikers said the Burlington company had undertaken, in bad faith, to create trouble between other companies and their employés, having no motive in view except the injury of connecting lines or their people. The Burlington officials were growing able, however, to conduct their business without the assistance of the strikers. New men had taken the control of affairs, new engineers and firemen were running the trains as skilfully as did the old employés, and the strike slowly but surely was becoming a thing of the past. By the end of the first week of April the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers were again pondering over the uncertainty of strikes, and the inevitable had happened. The Burlington struggle had virtually ended, with the same result as the Reading. Mr. POWDERLY advised against the latter; Mr. ARTHUR had no heart and no encouragement for the former. The strikers may hold out for a while yet, and Mr. ARTHUR may still direct the contest, but it must all end in failure.

It has been estimated that this great strike has caused a loss to the engineers' and firemen's brotherhoods of $601,500 for the forty-five days the strike has lasted; while to the Burlington company the loss has been $2,100,000. Of course there are many indirect losses scattered throughout the whole of the Burlington system which it is difficult to compute.

The latest movement of the strikers was to endeavor to induce the brakemen to join in the warfare on the Burlington system, with the hope that the conductors would also give the strikers their aid. The engineers and firemen have for some time been negotiating for the support of the Knights of Labor, and it has been intimated that this would be accorded them. C. E. H.

WAS THERE NOTHING TO ARBITRATE?

WITH grief that I think must be shared by a good many other holders of Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy stock, I saw that stock go down from 129 to 112 under the effect of the private war waged between the railroad and its engineers and switchmen. I am told by the press that the loss was through the fault of these employés of the road, and that its officers illustrated a beneficent principle in standing firm against them and refusing their demands. The principle was that the road had the right to manage its private affairs in its own way.

But here, I think, is an error. A railroad has, strictly speaking, *no* private affairs. It is a corporation which in return for certain franchises has assumed certain obligations, and before all corporate rights it has these public duties. It ought to consider these always, and from the beginning; but it is said that when early in the war the opposite faction offered to submit its claims to arbitration, the officers of the C., B., & Q. replied that there was nothing to arbitrate. If this was true, it was a great pity, and I believe a great mistake. There is no question here of the road's treatment of its employés, but if these thought themselves underpaid, and the road thought them paid enough, it was the very moment for arbitration.

That truly Christian device for averting public war has now been successfully tried, and it seems to me it would have been well to use it in the danger of the private war which has embarrassed travel and commerce on the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy, and spread loss far and wide. It is in quality of timid capitalist that I write; and I wish to say that I have no particular affection for the Brotherhood of Engineers; it has before now shown itself short-sighted and selfish, and in its betrayal by the Knights of Labor it is said to be paying the penalty of a treason of its own. But however this may be, it is unquestionably a power, lawfully organized for defence and offence, and it was the part of policy for the opposing force to recognize its strength. It was also a duty to do this in view of its obligations to the public, which neither of the belligerents in the case has considered. The road was bound to come to any tolerable accommodation with its employés, so that the public might not suffer. The quarrel, as far as it concerned the engineers, was between them and the road; but as concerned the road, it did not end there: the community was an immediate sufferer from its impolicy—the community, which had a sovereign claim upon its service.

When the strike began, I suppose that nearly every humane person said to himself, "Well, between men who want to make a better living and a corporation that wants to make more money I can have no choice." I said something like this myself, not remembering my C., B., & Q. stock in my magnanimity. But of course when the strike came, as strikes must, to involve violence, the general sentiment changed, and many lectures have been read to the engineers on their misbehavior, but to the road none. That is my reason for attempting to read it a little one now, to remind it that it is the creature of public favor, with duties to the public which it had no right to fail in through any mistaken sense of its corporate dignity or interest. I dare say that the engineers' strike against it will end, as all strikes have hitherto ended, in disaster to the strikers. But I am sure that strikes will not always end so. It is only a question of time, and of a very little time, till the union of labor shall be so perfect that nothing can defeat it. We may say this will be a very good time or a very bad time; all the same, it is coming. Then the question will come with it: Shall the railroads fulfil their public obligations by agreement with their employés, or shall the government take possession of them and operate them? It is folly to talk of the withdrawal of capital, and the consequent ruin of the country. The country belongs to the people, and they are not going to let it be ruined. Their possession of the railroads would involve much trouble and anxiety, but the Railroad Receiver, who is an agent of theirs, is not unknown, and his management of roads is good; so that the public may take heart of hope if the worst ever comes to the worst.

But let us understand that it is not engineers or switchmen or brakemen who can bring it to the worst; it is only directors and managers and presidents who refuse to arbitrate, and who forget their public duties so far as to talk of a railroad's affairs as private affairs.

W. D. HOWELLS.

"BUILDING THE BOAT."—By Henry Bacon.

THE PARIS SALON.

PICTURES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

By THEODORE CHILD.

At the forth-coming exhibition of the Paris Salon it is gratifying to know that there will be several pictures by American artists worthy of the attention of the most serious criticism. During the past eight years the American artists in Paris have been growing rapidly in numbers and in talent, and to judge from the pictures which I have seen in the studios, the average excellence of the American exhibitors has never been so high as it is this year. The reader will kindly remember that the following review was made by visits to the studios before the pictures were sent in to the Salon, and that it is consequently and necessarily incomplete; nevertheless, very few important works have been passed unnoticed. In making our notes we follow the equalitarian order of the alphabet.

Mr. Henry Bacon has painted a familiar scene on the beach of Étretat. "Building the Boat," shown in our illustration, will bring to the reader's mind Longfellow's lines:

"Build me straight, O worthy master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel."

The work will certainly achieve that popular success which is this artist's particular aim.

Mr. Walter F. Brown has painted a pleasing anecdote of humble life, entitled "Pris au Lacet." A young fisherman and a rosy fisher-girl, while busy mending nets in a boat that floats lazily on the quiet river, find themselves caught in the symbolic meshes of love. In the background is a calm village landscape and a gray-blue sky. This picture has qualities of sentiment and simplicity which will not fail to appeal to sympathetic natures.

Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Les Brodeuses" represents the garden-court of an Algerian country villa, with a fountain in the centre, and beside the fountain a group of figures. One young woman is seated, working over a tapestry frame; at her side are two little children with their blue-black, closely shaven heads; behind her another young woman stands looking on; while a black serving-woman, clad in brilliant stuffs, sits on the floor eating oranges and taking part in the gossip and fun. Mr. Bridgman's picture is a reproduction of a familiar and charming episode of Moorish domestic life—a vision of sunlight contrasted with cool shade, of bright-colored stuffs and gay embroidery, of the soft blues and greens of enamelled tiles, of graceful attitudes and happy leisure.

"Soir d'Été," by the same artist, is another souvenir of Algerian life. In the privacy of a wild Southern garden, in the rich evening light just fading into shade, a lady is walking indolently and dreamily, clad in bright, semi-transparent robes.

Amongst the students at the École des Beaux-Arts two young Americans have been distinguishing themselves of late in a manner which justifies us in forming the highest hopes for the future. One is Mr. F. W. MacMonnies, from Brooklyn, a pupil of Saint-Gaudens and Falguière; the other is Mr. W. L. Dodge, a pupil of Gérôme. Two years in succession, in 1887 and 1888, Mr. MacMonnies has carried off the first prize in the Falguière atelier, by acclamation, over the heads of all the French students. This most talented young sculptor has in hand a life-size statue of a "Diane Chasseresse," which will, however, not be finished in time for the present Salon exhibition. Mr. Dodge, strengthened by the confidence which his academic successes have given him—he has carried off the first prize for life studies in Gérôme's atelier—has painted a very important picture, fifteen feet long, of "David triumphing over Goliath" in the valley of Elah. "And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them..... So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof;....and when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled." Such is the scene which Mr. Dodge has depicted. David, a slender youth, stands over Goliath, holding in his right hand the giant's sword, and in his left, upraised in the air, his leather sling, as if showing proudly to the fugitive Philistines the humble weapon that has wrought their ruin. This upraised hand just catches the pink rays of the sinking sun, while all the rest of the body is enveloped in the evening sunless light. David is nude, with the exception of a waistband, to which is attached a wallet for the smooth stones chosen out of the brook. The giant lies on the ground, clad in rich enamelled armor, over which is draped a blue shawl fringed with gold. To the right the Philistines are flying in confusion toward their camp, whose smoke we see sweeping along the hill-side. In the background is the distant silhouette of arid hills, low on the left, and rising in majestic steps toward the right of the canvas. The time is evening, when the sun is just sinking below the horizon, so that only the hill-tops are still tinged with golden-red light, while the lower ledges are enveloped in tragic shadow. Mr. Dodge's début—for this "David and Goliath" is his first exhibit in the Salon—reminds one of the début of that brilliant young historical painter Georges Rochegrosse; Mr. Dodge shows similar skill in drawing, equal dash in painting, and facility and power in composition. From an academic point of view this picture, and especially the exquisite figure of David, seems to me to deserve high praise; the composition has remarkable qualities of directness, simplicity, and harmony; the drawing is excellent, and the painting relatively skilful, and in certain morceaux full of promise of future *virtuosité*.

Mr. Walter Gay sends an "Atelier de Couture" and the "Bénédicité." These pictures are both exceedingly interesting as studies of the problems of cross and reflected light, and of the soft vibrating luminousness of calm interiors—problems which occupied the old Dutch masters, and which are still the joy of modern masters like Liebermann and Kuehl, for instance. It must ever be the despair of the writer to be unable by words to record the impression that such work as this makes upon the appreciative mind, or to analyze with even approximate verity the infinite delicacy of the grays as they pass from the depth of airy transparent shadow to the softness of demi-teinte and the complete intensity of full light. The large picture of the "Bénédicité" is a very exquisite piece of work in these respects, and the "Atelier de Couture," represented in our illustration, is not less remarkable. There is no American artist in Paris whose æsthetic development has been more marked and more interesting during the past five years than Mr. Walter Gay's. Considering the regrettable situation in which American artists are placed at the Salon exhibition, owing to the existence of the thirty-three per cent. tax on works of art imported into the United States—a situation which practically excludes them from all recompenses—I take pleasure in repeating the words of M. Bonnat: "If Gay were a Frenchman, he would have had his medal and been *hors concours* long ago."

It is only just to add that the same remark holds good in the cases of other American painters, notably of Messrs. Ridgway Knight and Alexander Harrison.

Mr. Abbott Graves, exhibiting for the first time in the Salon, has a large flower-picture of "Peonies," very decorative in effect, but rather hard and hesitating in rendering, compared with the flowers of French painters like Madam Lemaire, Quost, Collin, and Ilannin.

Mr. Carl Gutherz, of Saint Louis, exhibits the "Light of the Incarnation," the most ambitious and the most successful effort which this artist has made since his settlement in Paris. The subject represents the adoration of the angels as seen from the celestial sphere, to which point of view Mr. Gutherz's imagination has carried him without any grave mishap. The scene represented is the multitude of the heavenly host, myriads of angels covering the whole surface of the picture, and floating away into infinite space. To the left the hosts seem to be descending to the earth, directing their steps toward a star or luminous point, which indicates the birthplace of the Saviour at Bethlehem. The rays from this point at Bethlehem constitute the "Light of the Incarnation," and diverging more and more widely as they recede from the divine focus, they reach heaven itself, and illuminate the spheres where the angels congregate in adoring groups to contemplate from afar the spectacle which some of their number beheld more nearly, according to the narrative of the evangelists. The angels seem to be wafted along on clouds of shadowy flowers, among which we discern roses and the symbolic lily and passion-flowers, while two of the angels in the central group carry the one a regal crown, the other a crown of thorns, in presentiment of the temporal greatness and the passion of the Saviour. In another group we notice two winged cherubs symbolizing the love of Christ, and in other details the artist, working in the spirit of the old mystic painters, has ingeniously and discreetly put intentions which the curious will take joy in deciphering. The principal angelic figures have each a golden nimbus, and this nimbus is curiously wrought with ornaments in low gold relief. Nevertheless, in spite of this archaism, the picture is by no means an imitation of similar conceptions of Memmi, Lorenzo di Monaco, Fra Angelico, or any of the old masters. The subject and the treatment of it are Mr. Gutherz's own, and they do credit equally to his powers of imagination and inventiveness. The "modernists" will of course scoff at Mr. Gutherz for having painted a colossal "Christmas card," but at the same time the most ferocious critics will be just enough to confess that to work out such a composition as this, to tell this mystic story clearly, to paint the whole with even relative harmony as the result, is no small undertaking, especially in this sceptical age when few artists have faith to bear them up, much less angels to help them in difficult bits of foreshortening, as was the singular fortune of good Fra Angelico.

Mr. Alexander Harrison is still absorbed in the study of sea and sky in the infinite variety of aspects which sunlight, moonshine, and cloud formations impart to them. Mr. Harrison reserves the great effort on which he is now engaged—a scene of women bathing on the sea-shore at sunset—for the universal exhibition, and exhibits in the Salon two comparatively small but very interesting marines, which fairly baffle description. A picture representing a ship, or a house, or human beings engaged in some action, can always be partially reproduced by verbal description. Language has signs wherewith to evoke in the reader's mind the juxtaposition of objects and definite forms, and even moral states. But the infinite expanse of restless ocean, the impressive stillness of the silent sky when the blackness of night looms up over the horizon, when the mysterious veil of evening reddens the sinking sun, whose rays streak the waves with tongues of red fire that seem to lick the viscous surface of the water reflecting their tragic glare—how can this majestic scene be described in words? Who but the poet can find metaphors for this tragic vision of the glorious sun going down into its nightly grave, lulled to sleep by the rolling waves that seem to moan and wail in the awfulness of this vast "Solitude"? How, again, can words render the charm of Mr. Harrison's other picture, "The Golden Cloud"? Here too is sea and sky and luminous cloud-forms in the prismatic brilliancy of a late afternoon effect, delicate and infinite in *nuance* as mother-of-pearl or as opal, changing in the changing light. Both these pictures, apart from their charm as visions of nature, are remarkable as studies of color and of values. And how interesting, too, this fixing of the instantaneous phases of cloud and water; how curious this observation and precise notation of the aspect of the curling wave, and of the wash that swirls in successive and ever-widening curves chasing each other over the smooth sands, each with its glassy sheet of mirror-like surface that reflects the sky, and each with a rippling fringe that unfurls and lessens as the wash steals along thinner and thinner, advancing or receding according as the tide is running in or out!

Mr. Harrison also exhibits a pastel representing moonlight on the unreposing sea—a beautiful vision, which might be described in Wordsworth's line:

"This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon."

Our engraving represents this latter subject.

Mr. Childe Hassam's picture is called "*Fleurs du Printemps*." On a spring evening, just before the blue haze of twilight is rising above the horizon and clothing in mystery the ancient contours of Notre Dame and the Pantheon and the wide sweep of urban panorama that one sees from the heights of Montmartre, two sisters, on the terrace roof of their Parisian home, are musing over the spring of nature and the spring of their own young lives. On this terrace they have their garden seat, and their brilliant culture of azaleas and gladiolus, whose red and rose-colored flowers light up the foreground of the picture. To the right, and beyond over the parapet, we see a quaint vista of red chimney-pots and house roofs. The two girls are dressed in white, and the whole picture is very light in tone, luminous, and full of amusing and delicate effects of color.

Mr. George Hitchcock, who made so remarkable a début at the Salon of 1887 with his "Tulip Field," sends a picture of very original conception, entitled "The Annunciation." The scheme of the work is a harmony in green and silver. In the foreground is a plot of tall-growing lilies in the glory of their rich white bloom; a dark hedge of lilac bushes, broken here and there by willows, separates the lily garden from an expanse of bright green Dutch landscape that fades away with infinite delicacy of gradations toward the distant horizon. Against the background formed by the hedge stands the Virgin, personified by a Dutch maid, draped in the simple vestments of every-day life, and wearing the white muslin coiffure which happily still survives in Holland. Mary has just received the divine message, and with downcast eyes replies to the angel, who is not visible in the picture: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." I must congratulate Mr. Hitchcock on his refined and distinguished treatment of the subject he has chosen. His picture has great charm, and while the painter has evidently been studying methods of composition and points of view for observing nature in the works of that supreme artist Botticelli, he has nevertheless carefully avoided archaism either in purpose or effect. Mr. Hitchcock's "Annunciation" is modern in observation, and decidedly modern in technique.

Mr. William H. Howe has once more painted an enormous cattle picture, the scene of which is laid in Holland. Some cattle are seen coming along a marshy Dutch road, full face to the spectator, and followed by a farmer on horseback. This production is suggestive of much painstaking and uncertain effort both in drawing and in painting. Mr. Howe displays moral qualities of a high order where we should prefer to find evidence of artistic sentiment, and of technical ability to render that sentiment. To be more precise, one might desire less insipidity of color, more firmness of modelling, and more uniform consistency of touch. Mr. Howe's work often makes one fear that he allows himself to be confused by a multitude of counsellors, whereas for a painter there can be but one counsellor that never misleads, namely, Nature.

Mr. John Kavanagh sends a portrait and a head of an old man, both very strongly painted. The head of an old man is particularly remarkable as a specimen of *virtuosité* in painting; it has all the power and skill of the good work of the Munich school, combined with the more exact graphic analysis which French teaching can give.

Mr. Ridgway Knight's picture, "L'Appel au Passeur," is a soft autumnal landscape, with, in the foreground, two figures half life size. We are on the banks of the Seine, whence we see the river winding away into the blue-gray distance between hills dotted with houses here and there, and fringed with trees amidst whose branches the moisture of the autumn air clings like a luminous film. To the left, in the foreground, is a stretch of fresh green grass, and beyond, a thicket and bushes, with withered leaves hanging over the water's edge. Two girls, robust rustic belles, clad in work-a-day costume, adorned with those patches that are still the pride of an economical housewife, are represented in the act of hailing with characteristic gestures the ferryman, who is seen with his boat in the distance on the opposite bank. This picture cannot fail to impress the ordinary spectator by its vivid realism and by the pleasantness of the scene depicted, while those who examine the work with more searching and critical eyes will admire the directness and strong simplicity with which the artist has painted both figures and landscape. Mr. Knight's talent has reached maturity. His Salon painting of this year is the best work he has ever done.

Mr. Walter MacEwen, who has now settled in Paris, has found the subjects of his two pictures in Holland. One is a vision of Dutch cloud-land. Across a brilliant blue sky are floating up from the seaward horizon a multitudinous troop of small clouds, whose dazzling flossy whiteness casts over the fresh green meadows a moving mosaic of translucent shadows. The other picture, "A Ghost Story," represents a gay Dutch interior full of light and sheeny order. A group of women and girls are listening to one who is telling some thrilling story. This picture is the work of an artist who delights in delicate *virtuosité* of technique, and in conquering the difficulties of reflected lights playing on flesh and costume. The "Ghost Story" is an amusing composition, in the execution of which there is much to be admired both in intention and in achievement.

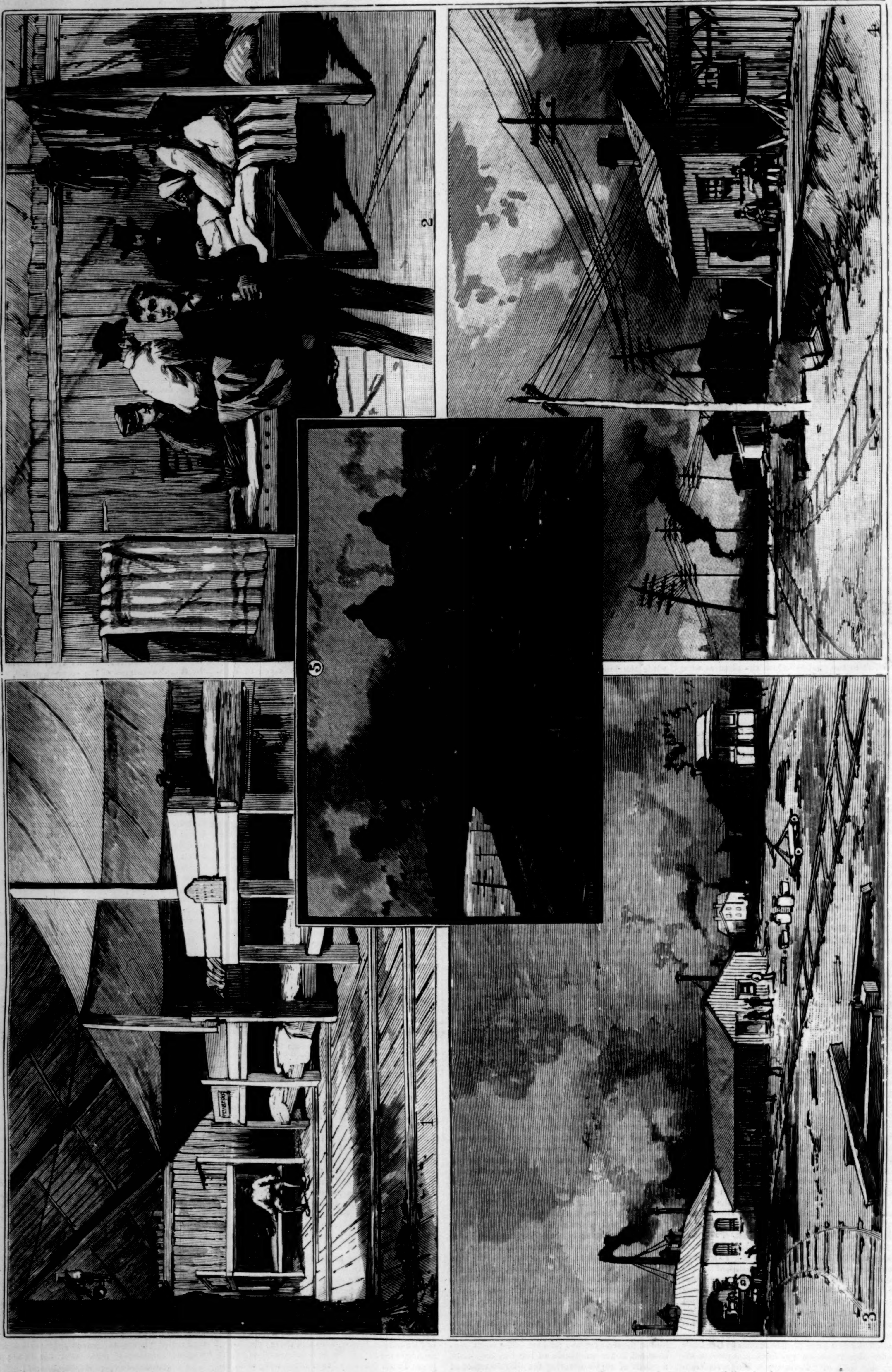
Mr. J. Gari Melchers's picture (six by five feet), "The Pilots," I have been unable to see. Our sketch, however, will give an idea of the subject: the interior of a pilot station, with at the back a large window, through which the red-roofed village is seen in the distance in full sunlight. Around the table are grouped five men, of whom two are in silhouette against the light. One is rigging a model ship, the others are smoking and gossiping. The atmosphere of the room is blue with smoke; the characterization of these Dutch pilots seems strong, and if Mr. Melchers has continued to observe and to paint as delicately as when he made his début at the Salon two years ago, I can safely anticipate that the color of this picture must be gray and fine in tone in the room, with a brilliant effect of sunshine outside.

Mr. Henry Mosler exhibits a small picture of a "Harvest Festival" in Brittany, amusing as a study of costume and quaint head-dress, and a large picture of Apache Indians grouped around their camp fires in the woods and smoking their pipes, while the squaws torture a beautiful white girl who is tied to a tree, and serves as a target for their arrows. This picture of "The White Captive" is considered by Mr. Mosler and his friends to be the best picture he has ever painted.

Mr. Stephen Hills Parker's picture is called "Pandora," and both title and subject are simply pretexts for painting feminine nudity sufficiently veiled for decency's sake. Mr. Parker's picture has the great merit of not being vulgar.

A young student who cannot be accused of lacking courage or vigor is Mr. John Douglas Patrick, a pupil of the Julian school, where he distinguished himself as an excellent draughtsman. Mr. Patrick has painted a life-size picture called "Brutality," which represents a cruel wagoner beating a horse over the head; the

(*Continued on page 294, Supplement.*)



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE AT CHICAGO.—From Sketches by Walter Burridge.—[See Page 286.]

1. Interior of part of the Round-house in the C., B., & Q. Yards, occupied by Pinkerton's Men. 2. Attending an Injured Switchman in his Quarters. 3. Police Head-quarters in the C., B., & Q. Yards. 4. The Dining-place for the Switchmen and others. 5. Blockade of Freight Cars on the Lake Front, looking from the Viaduct.

SENATOR STANFORD'S FARM AT PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, AND THE PROPOSED UNIVERSITY.—[See Page 286.]

1. The Cactus Garden. 2. Senator Stanford. 3. The Senator's Home. 4. The Lake. 5. Palo Alto. 6. The Railroad Depot. 7. The proposed University Buildings.

A "LEARNED PROLETARIAT."

University circles in Germany, the land of ideal systems of higher education, are not a little agitated over a problem that is as unique as it is important and perplexing. It is the production of university graduates far in excess of the demand. The attendance at these high-schools has increased with great rapidity, and with strides altogether out of proportion to the growth of the population. Professor Conrad, of Halle, a statistician of authority, has investigated the university problem in its minutest details, and declares that one of the great dangers threatening social order is the rapidly increasing number of men constituting the "learned proletariat." Statistics and facts show that he is right. Twenty years ago the number of university students in Germany was 13,400; ten years ago it was 17,800; now it is more than 28,000. The number of students during the past five years has increased twenty-six per cent., while the total population has grown only five per cent.

These figures can be understood and appreciated in their bearings on the social problem only when we remember that the university of Germany does not occupy a grade corresponding to the college and "university" courses in America, but represents the post-graduate courses, as also the theological, medical, and law schools of our country. Roughly stated, the German gymnasium is the equivalent of the ordinary classical course in America, the *Realschule* is the equivalent of the scientific course; these two, like the American college, thus subserving the aim of general mental drill and training. The training schools for the special departments, which in America are but seldom found together, are in Germany combined, and as theological, medical, law, and philosophical faculties constitute the university. A course in one of these institutions is accordingly not undertaken for the purpose of general culture or education, but only to prepare for some special vocation in life.

In the light of these facts these statistics appear in their true proportions, and it is plain how they become in themselves an important social problem. In reality all the stations in life to which special training opens the way are in Germany over-crowded, the only exception being possibly that of theology. The consequences of this are self-evident. The number of men is constantly on the increase who have spent their best years, and possibly their fortunes, in preparing themselves for the learned professions, and when they have finally passed the rigorous examinations prescribed by the State, they find that they are not needed and not wanted, and that if their services can at all be used, it will be necessary to wait, it may be, many years before an opening can be found. It does not require much psychology and knowledge of human nature to see what this state of affairs must inevitably lead to. A "learned proletariat" is a serious threat to society and order. The general reader is often surprised to see in the ranks of German socialism so many men whose talents and accomplishments entitle them to the rank of scholars and thinkers; he deplores the abuse made of natural gifts and fine education. In nearly all instances these recruits of scientific socialism are gained from the multitude of those who condemn society for encouraging higher education, and then rejecting the fruits of this education when offered.

The troubles arising from this source are aggravated by some peculiarities which are characteristic of German higher education as such. Not the least important of these is the overstrained tendency toward specialism. When a German student has conscientiously worked through the curriculum of his department, he is finely equipped for work in that department. But here his proficiency ends. And when he finds that there are no opportunities and openings for him in this particular field, in nine cases out of ten he is perfectly helpless. It is almost impossible for him to readjust himself to a calling or a work other than that which has filled his mind and been his ideal for so many long years. As specialists and critical and patient students in the details of research the Germans have no equals; but of a wide and general culture other nations have better representatives.

Another reason why the university problem in the father-land is one peculiarly perplexing is because of the abstract intellectualism of the whole system. This is the case both as opposed to the more practical element, which comes more naturally into the foreground in Anglo-Saxon education, and also as opposed to what might be called the moral background of mental discipline, in which the idea of duty toward society in general in the employment of one's time and acquirements is a controlling factor. Devotion to truth as such and search for truth as such is the great glory of German research. But even this cannot fail to be an element of danger for the "learned proletariat," both for their inability of facing new circumstances and dealing with new relations of life, as also in evolving schemes to better a state of society with which they are dissatisfied.

It cannot be denied that society in a measure may be responsible for this over-production of learned men. Professor Conrad claims that the prejudice against manual labor is a growing evil in Germany, and that the extraordinary esteem put upon all learned professions draws to these thousands of youths who should follow some other walk in life. He also regards it as a desideratum of great importance that the scholars of the gymnasiums should receive a less abstract and a more practical training, and that a wiser use should be made of the vast sums which are given to support needy undergraduates in the universities. It certainly is a significant fact that Russia, the most unlettered of European nations, is trying hard to diminish the number of students in the higher schools, and that in Germany, the most cultured of European nations, a similar movement is agitated.

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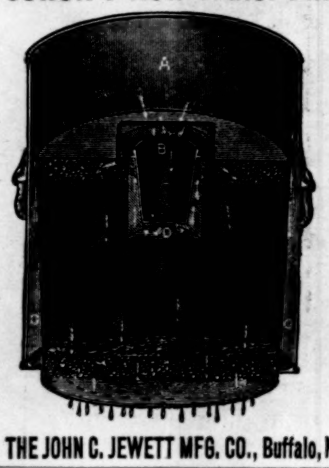

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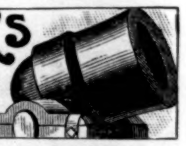

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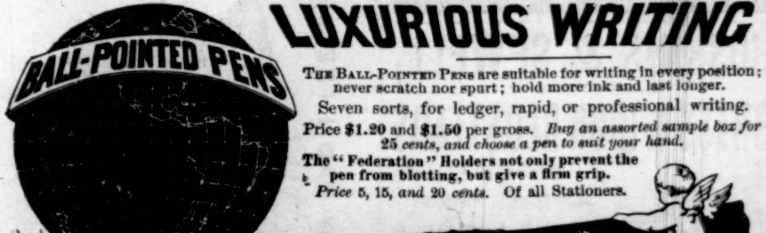

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In the light of these facts these statistics appear in their true proportions, and it is plain how they become in themselves an important social problem. In reality all the stations in life to which special training opens the way are in Germany over-crowded, the only exception being possibly that of theology. The consequences of this are self-evident. The number of men is constantly on the increase who have spent their best years, and possibly their fortunes, in preparing themselves for the learned professions, and when they have finally passed the rigorous examinations prescribed by the State, they find that they are not needed and not wanted, and that if their services can at all be used, it will be necessary to wait, it may be, many years before an opening can be found. It does not require much psychology and knowledge of human nature to see what this state of affairs must inevitably lead to. A "learned proletariat" is a serious threat to society and order. The general reader is often surprised to see in the ranks of German socialism so many men whose talents and accomplishments entitle them to the rank of scholars and thinkers; he deplores the abuse made of natural gifts and fine education. In nearly all instances these recruits of scientific socialism are gained from the multitude of those who condemn society for encouraging higher education, and then rejecting the fruits of this education when offered.

The troubles arising from this source are aggravated by some peculiarities which are characteristic of German higher education as such. Not the least important of these is the overstrained tendency toward specialism. When a German student has conscientiously worked through the curriculum of his department, he is finely equipped for work in that department. But here his proficiency ends. And when he finds that there are no opportunities and openings for him in this particular field, in nine cases out of ten he is perfectly helpless. It is almost impossible for him to readjust himself to a calling or a work other than that which has filled his mind and been his ideal for so many long years. As specialists and critical and patient students in the details of research the Germans have no equals; but of a wide and general culture other nations have better representatives.

Another reason why the university problem in the father-land is one peculiarly perplexing is because of the abstract intellectualism of the whole system. This is the case both as opposed to the more practical element, which comes more naturally into the foreground in Anglo-Saxon education, and also as opposed to what might be called the moral background of mental discipline, in which the idea of duty toward society in general in the employment of one's time and acquirements is a controlling factor. Devotion to truth as such and search for truth as such is the great glory of German research. But even this cannot fail to be an element of danger for the "learned proletariat," both for their inability of facing new circumstances and dealing with new relations of life, as also in evolving schemes to better a state of society with which they are dissatisfied.

It cannot be denied that society in a measure may be responsible for this over-production of learned men. Professor Conrad claims that the prejudice against manual labor is a growing evil in Germany, and that the extraordinary esteem put upon all learned professions draws to these thousands of youths who should follow some other walk in life. He also regards it as a desideratum of great importance that the scholars of the gymnasiums should receive a less abstract and a more practical training, and that a wiser use should be made of the vast sums which are given to support needy undergraduates in the universities. It is certainly a significant fact that Russia, the most unlettered of European nations, is trying hard to diminish the number of students in the higher schools, and that in Germany, the most cultured of European nations, a similar movement is agitated.

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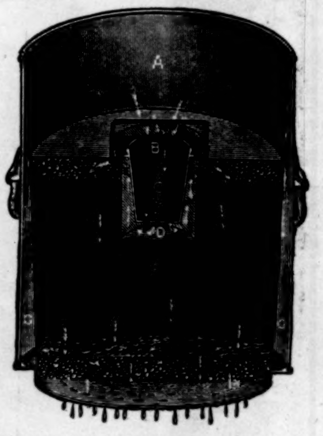

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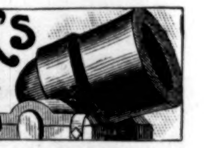

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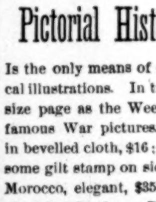

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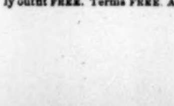

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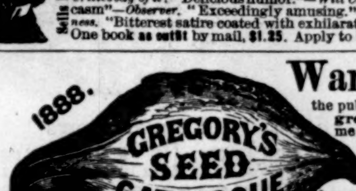

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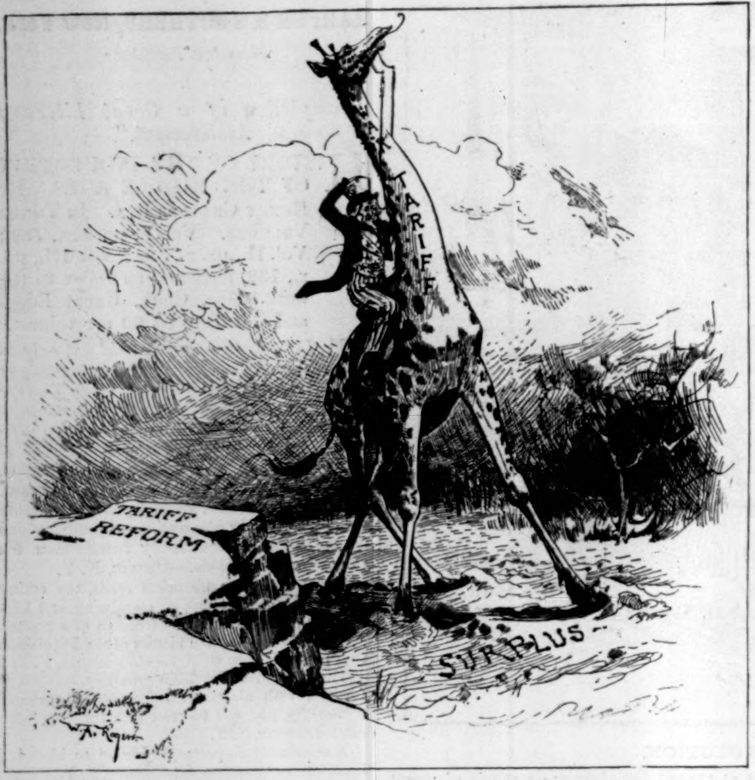

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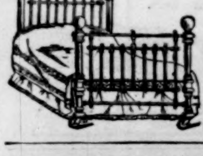

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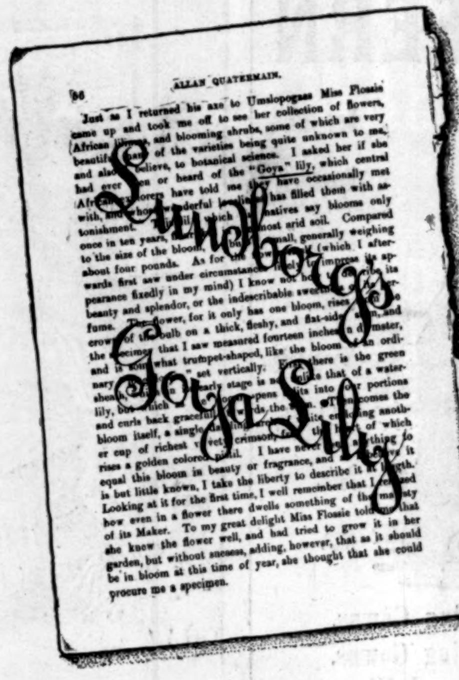

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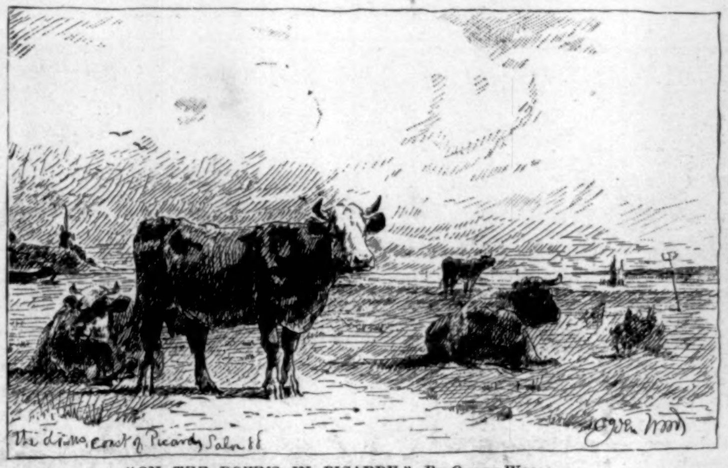
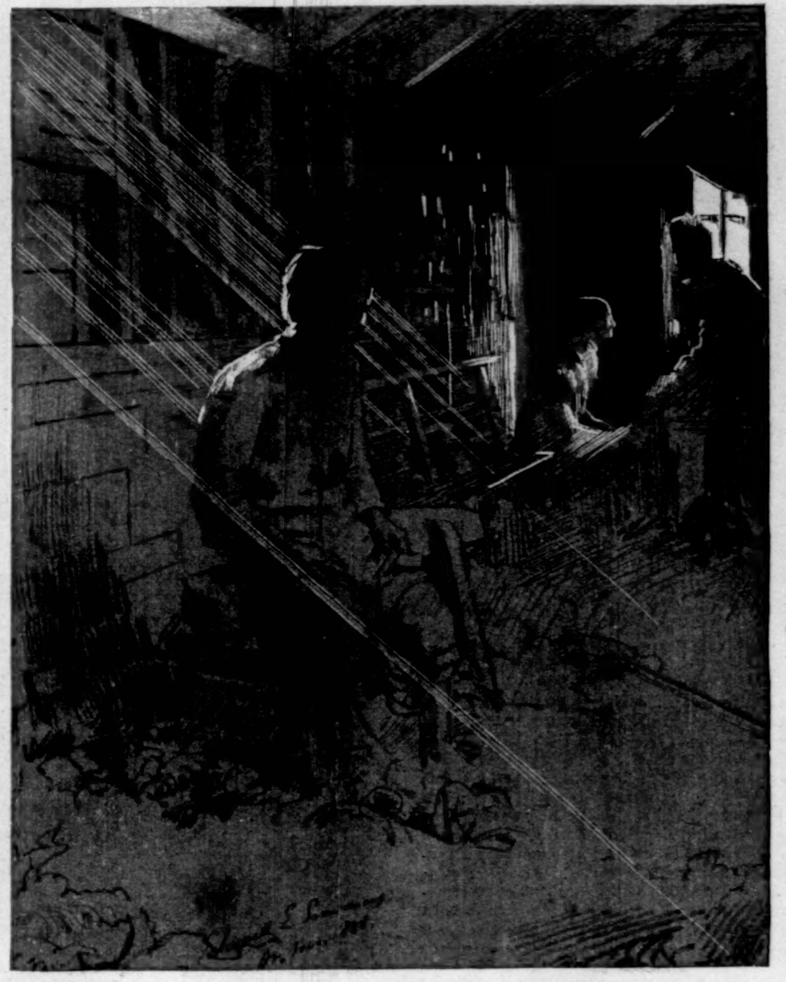
AMERICAN ARTISTS IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1888.

"THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK."—By Charles Sprague Pearce.



"ON THE DOWNS IN PICARDY."—By Ogden Wood.



"THE CARPENTER'S SON."—By Edward Emerson Simmons.

"THE ANNUNCIATION."—By George Hitchcock.

"THE PILOTS."—By J. Gari Melchers.

"ON THE THAMES."—By Lionel Walden.

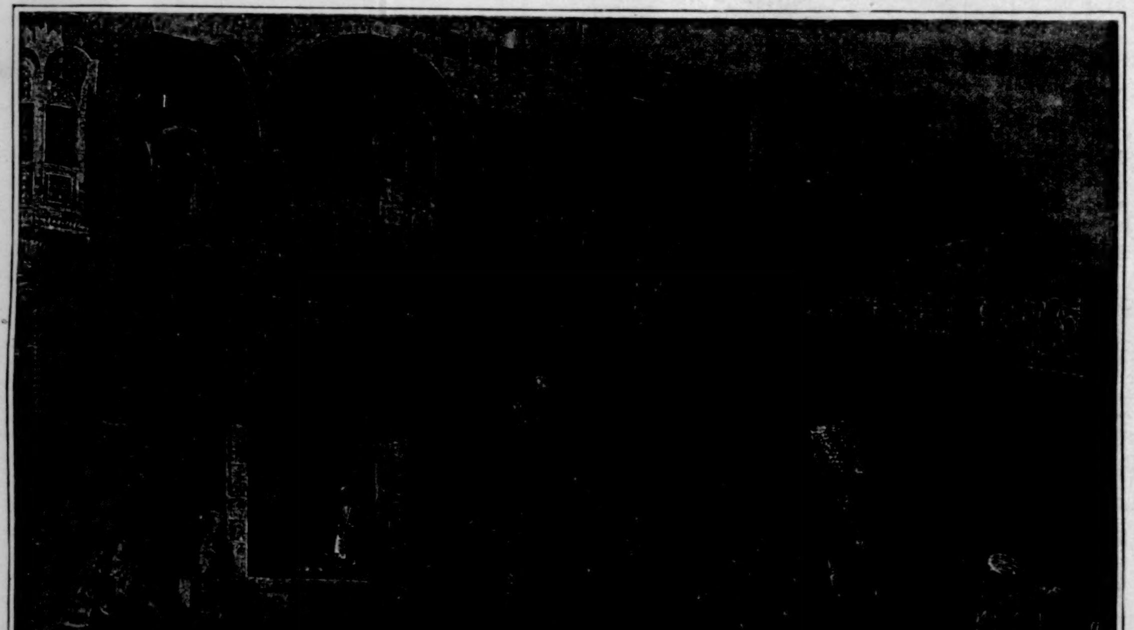
THE PARIS SALON.

(Continued from page 287.)

horse, all gathered up in a movement of shrinking back, turns his head aside to avoid the blow; the man, with features corrugated by stupid rage, is in the act of striking. This picture is to be looked upon as a piece of realism strongly drawn and painted with considerable power. It is a student's work, if you will; but the student must be beginning to know a good deal when he can draw and paint violent movement on such a scale as this without betraying weakness or hesitation in any point. "Brutality" is a bold effort; it is a piece of real and cruel life closely observed and rendered with singular intensity. One would have preferred to see Mr. Patrick display his undeniable talent on a less repulsive subject.

Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce's picture represents a shepherd boy leading his flock down a gray country lane, with high field banks on either side, and in the distance the blue haze of the horizon line joining a silvery sky such as one sees in northern France shedding a soft cool light over the pale landscape. The little shepherd is clad in the long floating cloak of yellowish striped woollen stuff called a "limousine," which in the drapery of the French peasantry plays the rôle of the burnoose in the costume of the Orientals. In the gayety of his heart the boy is playing on a pipe, and the sheep follow him leisurely, browsing as they walk. This is a good picture in all points of technique and realistic observation, and the subject is charming. My only regret is that Mr. Pearce has not put into the figure of his youthful shepherd some of that poetic sentiment which he instilled into his figure of Saint Genevieve last year. Amongst the Latin races the youth, the "adolescent," has a peculiar grace, a quality of line, bearing, and expression which the old masters—for instance, Donatello, Ghirlandajo, and Carpaccio especially—rendered with eternal delight. Mr. Pearce

"A GHOST STORY."—By Walter MacEwen.



"A RAJAH OF JODHPORE."—By Edwin L. Weeks.

"THE WHITE CAPTIVE" (Fragment).—By Henry Mosler.

"PECHEUSE DE MOULES" (THE MUSSEL-GATHERER).—By C. S. Reinhart.

"LES BRODEUSES" (THE EMBROIDERERS).—By F. A. Bridgman.

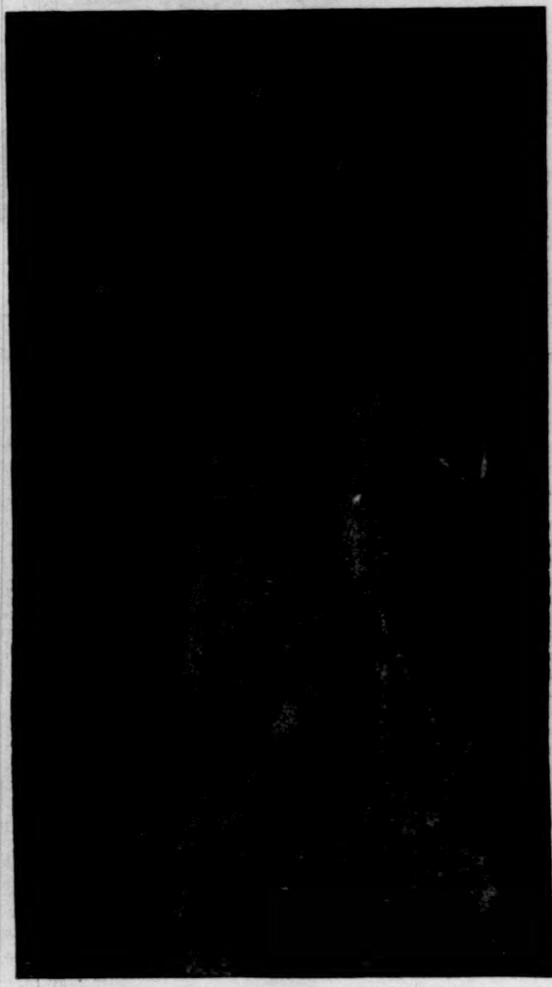
has painted a very prosaic, matter-of-fact shepherd, where he might have done wisely to select a finer model with more jealous care.

Mr. C. S. Reinhart exhibits two pictures—a "Pêcheuse de Moules," which is a clever study of sand, sea, and sky, and of the physiognomy and bearing of fisher-folk, and a large picture, "Waiting for the Boats." This latter work will certainly rival if it does not surpass in success the dramatic picture which Mr. Reinhart exhibited at the Salon of last year. It is a strong piece of painting, and a very impressive picture. Somewhere on the Norman coast, at Villerville perhaps, the women are gathered round the old stone cross, scanning anxiously the horizon and murmuring prayers that the boats may reach the haven before the storm breaks, for the sky is sunless and menacing, and the tempest will soon be hurrying on, as Shelley says,

> "with lightning feet,
> Riving sail and cord and plank,
> Till the ship has almost drank
> Death from the o'er-brimming deep."

Mr. Edward Emerson Simmons's picture (six by four feet), "The Carpenter's Son," represents the "interior of a carpenter's shop, with a boy in the foreground, wool-gathering, his attitude being the subject of discussion between his father and mother at the back of the room." Such is the artist's own description of his work, with which I am obliged to content myself, having been unable to see the picture. The drawing which we publish gives the idea of something very charming in composition and in study of light and color. The unaided imagination might even find in this "Carpenter's Son" a realistic rendering of an episode of the great Christian epopee. Mr. Simmons's second picture is one that was exhibited at the American Art Association two years ago, and which now belongs to the city of St. Louis.

Mr. Julian Story's "The Black Prince finding the Body of the King of Bohemia on the Battle-field of Crécy" is a large and ambitious historical picture of considerable dramatic power. The composition is somewhat in the style of the Roman school, massed at the sides, with an open space in the middle. The figure of the Black Prince as he stands over the body of his fallen adversary, sad and pensive, is impressively and simply treated. This is certainly a remarkable picture. In execution it is superior to Mr. Story's large picture of last year—broader, more direct, and more simple and masterly in the means employed.

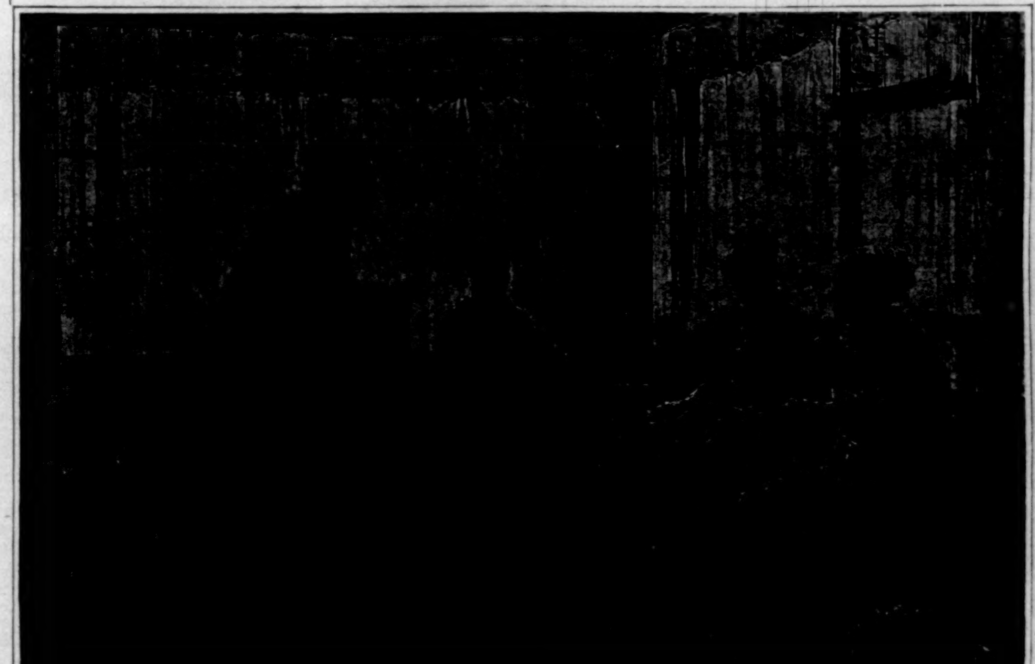


"ÉLEVEUR D'OURS" (THE BEAR-TRAINER).—By P. W. Bartlett.

Mr. Eugene Vail, faithful to his hardy sailor friends of Étaples, has painted a very vigorous and realistic picture called "Ready About," which title will sufficiently explain the subject to the nautical mind. The attitudes of the sailors, the lurching movement of the ship, the high horizon of rolling sea, are all rendered with an admirable sentiment of "character" and close observation of nature. The execution of this picture is peculiar rather than praiseworthy; we may, however, let that pass, considering that "Ready About" belongs to the category of large exhibition pictures intended to strike by their general instantaneous effect rather than by those qualities of mysterious technique which make the master-works of a painting an eternal source of joy.

Mr. Lionel Walden in his "Sur la Tamise" has gone far ahead of his already excellent picture of a yellow fog on the Thames, which he exhibited last year. The scene of the big steamer taking in her last lighter of coal, and ready to start with the outrunning tide, is vividly observed, and composed in an original manner. The technical qualities of the picture are remarkable: clever drawing, firm and frank painting, and a rendering of a whole series of gray objects in gray light and against gray background, with a delicate sense of respective values.

Mr. E. L. Weeks has painted, with his extraordinary skill in *mise en scène*, an incident of princely life in India. "A Rajah of Jodhpore" has just arrived with his suite at the gate of an immense palace of rose-colored sandstone. Clad in rich stuffs, he is about to descend from the howdah. The elephant kneels, the ladder is fixed firmly, the suite follows in the blazing sun, a few picturesque natives and fakirs are grouped near the steps of the palace, and through the open



"ATELIER DE COUTURE" (THE SEWING-ROOM).—By Walter Gay.